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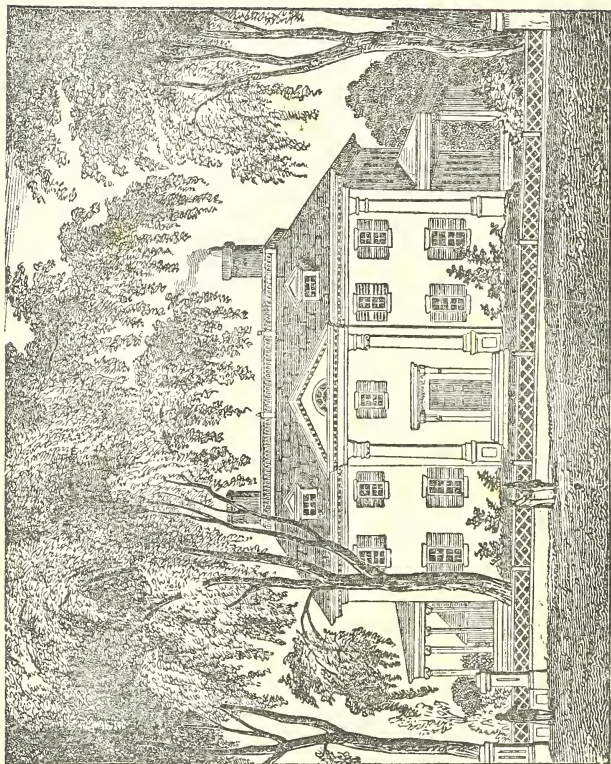
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WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE
BATTLE-FIELDS
OF
THE REVOLUTION.

COMPRISING
DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PRINCIPAL
BATTLES, SIEGES, AND OTHER EVENTS
OF THE
WAR OF INDEPENDENCE:
INTERSPERSED WITH
CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES.

BY THOMAS Y. RHOADS.

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WITH NUMEROUS EMBELLISHMENTS.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. W. BRADLEY, 48 N. FOURTH STREET.
1860.

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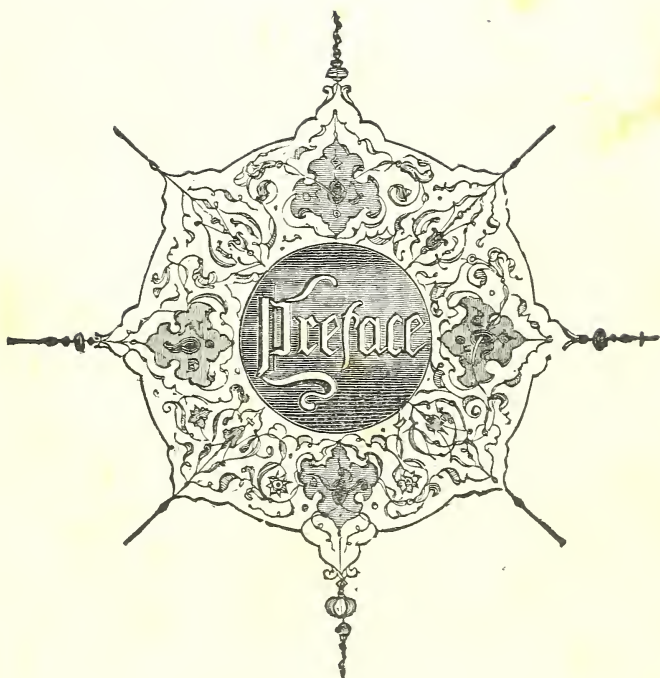
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THE period of the War of Independence is justly considered the heroic age of American History. It is the era to which every American patriot looks back with a feeling of pride and

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triumph. It was then that the national character first took that form and consistency which has ever since bound the Union together as with bands of adamant. Every incident of that heroic age possesses an interest for both old and young among our people, which attaches to no other period in our national annals. The men, and the women too, of the Revolution, have now nearly all passed away; but the memory of their deeds is still affectionately cherished, and our children, and our children's children, to the end of time, will ever recur to them as examples of patriotism and public virtue.

To aid in the preservation of the records of this glorious time, and to contribute to the wide dissemination of these bright examples, is the object of this volume. Without attempting the regularity and chronological sequence of history, the author has selected some of the most brilliant and striking points in the history of the Revolutionary War for illustration; and has added

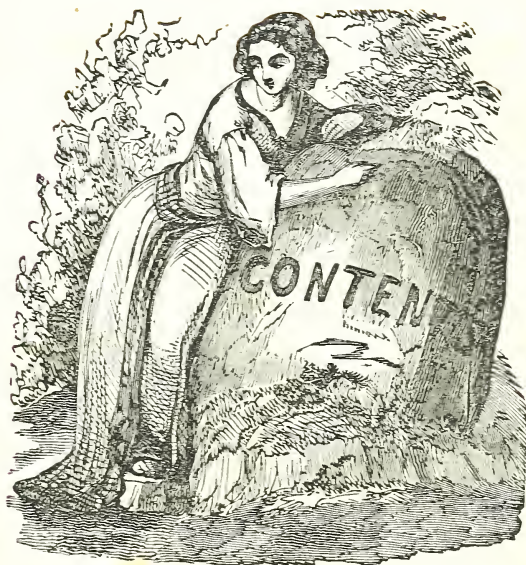
to these many striking and characteristic episodes, which serve to exhibit the "Spirit of Seventy-Six" and show "the very body of the time, its form and pressure."

The author trusts the utility of such an attempt will be generally recognised, when it is recollected how much the welfare of a nation is promoted by the preservation of a true national spirit, and how greatly the ties which unite the wide spread communities of the Republic, are strengthened by recalling to memory the noble deeds of our common ancestors, the founders of the glory and prosperity of our common country.

In embellishing this work, the publisher has endeavored to impress the narratives upon the mind of the reader, by inserting such engravings as illustrated the most important events of the Revolutionary War, as well as those episodes which characterize the spirit of the age in which it took place. The use of such embellishments is an important aid to the memory.

inasmuch as we remember much longer that which we have seen pictured, than that which we have merely read, or had related or described to us without the assistance of pictorial representations.





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STORIES

OF THE

REVOLUTION.

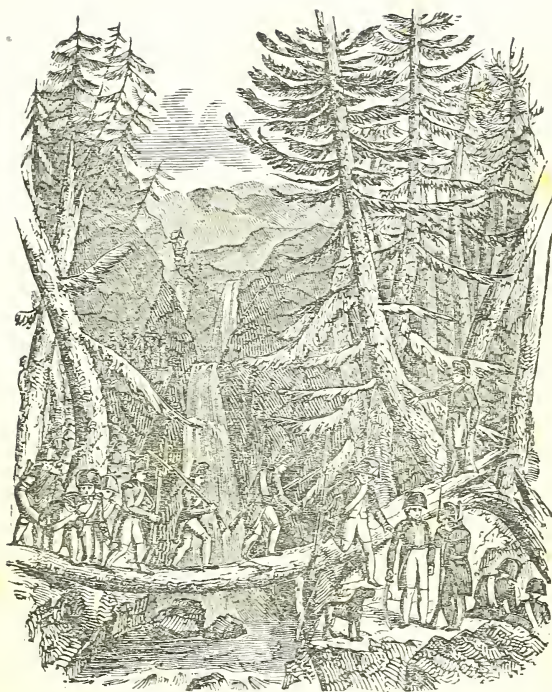
THE SERGEANT AND THE INDIAN.

IN the early part of the Revolutionary war, a sergeant and twelve armed men, undertook to journey through the wilderness, in the state of New Hampshire. Their route was remote from any settlement, and they were under the necessity of encamping over night in the woods. In the early part of our struggles for Independence, the Indians were numerous, and did not stand idle spectators to a conflict carried on with so much zeal and eagerness by the whites. Some tribes were friendly to our cause, while many on our borders took part with the enemy, and were troublesome in their savage kind of warfare, as our people

often learnt from the woful experience of their midnight depredations. The leader of the above mentioned party was well acquainted with the different tribes; and from much intercourse with them previous to the war was not ignorant of the idiom, physiognomy, and dress of each, and at the commencement of hostilities, was informed for which party they had raised the battle axe.

Nothing material had happened during the first day of this excursion; but early in the afternoon of the second, they discovered from an eminence, a body of Indians advancing towards them, whose numbers exceeded their own. As soon as the Americans were perceived by their red brethren, the latter made friendly signals, and the parties approached in an amicable manner. The Indians appeared to be much pleased to meet the sergeant and his party, whom they observed they considered as their protectors; said they belonged to a tribe who took the hatchet in the cause of their country; and were determined to do all in their power to injure the common enemy. They shook hands in friendship, and it was 'How d'ye do, *pro*! how d'ye do, *pro*!' that being their pronunciation of the word brother. When they had conversed with each other for some time, and exchanged mutual good wishes, they at length separated and travelled in different directions.

After proceeding to the distance of one or more miles,



SERGEANT AND PARTY GOING THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

the sergeant halted the men, addressed them in the following words :

‘My brave companions, we must use the utmost caution, or this night may be our last. Should we not make some extraordinary exertion to defend ourselves, to-morrow’s sun may find us sleeping, never to wake. You are surprised, comrades, at my words, and your anxiety will not be lessened, when I inform you, that we have just passed our inveterate foe, who, under the mask of pretended friendship you have witnessed, would lull us into fancied security, and, by such means, in the unguarded moments of our midnight slumber, without resistance, seal our fate !’

The men, with astonishment, listened to this short harangue, and their surprise was greater, as not one of them had entertained the suspicion, but that they had just encountered friends. They all immediately resolved to enter into some scheme for their mutual preservation, and the destruction of their enemies. By the proposal of their leader, the following plan was adopted :

The spot selected for their night’s encampment, was near a stream of water which served to cover their rear. They felled a large tree, before which, on the approach of night, a brilliant fire was lighted. Each individual cut a log of wood, about the size of his body, rolled it nicely into his blanket, placed his hat upon the extremity, and

laid it before the fire, that the enemy might be deceived, and mistake it for a man.

After the number equal to the sergeant's party were fitted out, and so artfully arranged as to appear like so many men, the soldiers, with loaded muskets, placed themselves behind the fallen tree, by which time the shades of evening began to close around. The fire was supplied with fuel and kept burning brilliantly till late in the night, when it was suffered to decline. The critical time was now approaching when an attack might be expected from the Indians; but the sergeant's men rested in their place of concealment with great anxiety till near midnight, not perceiving any movement of the foe.

At length a tall Indian was discovered through the glimmering of the fire, (which was now getting low,) cautiously moving towards them, making no noise, and apparently using every means in his power to conceal himself from any one about the camp. For a time, his actions showed him to be suspicious that a guard might be stationed to watch any unusual appearance, and give the alarm in case of danger; but all appearing quiet, he ventured forward more boldly, and rested upon his toes, and was distinctly seen to move his finger as he numbered each log of wood, or what he considered human beings quietly enjoying repose. To satisfy himself more fully as to the number, he counted

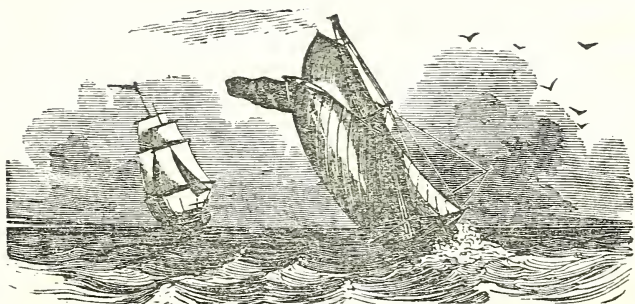
them over the second time, and cautiously retired. He was succeeded by a second Indian, who went through the same movements, and retired in the same manner.

Soon after, the whole party, sixteen in number, were discovered, cautiously advancing, and eagerly eyeing their supposed victims. The feelings of the Sergeant's men can better be imagined than described, when they saw the base and perfidious purpose of their enemies, who were now so near, that the former could scarcely be restrained from firing upon them. The plan, however, of the Sergeant was to have his men remain silent, in their places of concealment, till the guns of the foe were discharged, so that their own fire might be more effectual and opposition less formidable.

Their suspense was not of long duration. The Indians in a body, cautiously approached till within a short distance ; they then halted, took deliberate aim, discharged their pieces upon inanimate logs, gave the dreadful war-whoop, and instantly rushed forward, with tomahawk and scalping-knife in hand, to despatch the living, and obtain the scalps of the dead. As soon as they were collected in close order, more effectually to execute this horrid intention, the party of the Sergeant, with unerring aim, discharged their muskets upon the savages ; not one of whom escaped destruction.

Thus were the perfidious intentions of the Indians, (who, after seeming friendship, violated all their pacific professions,) punished. Such treachery as was exhibited in this instance, is a regular part of the Indian system of warfare. They value cunning in a warrior, as fully equal in merit, to personal bravery.





BURNING OF THE GASPEE.

BEFORE the actual commencement of hostilities between the American colonists and the British, many incidents transpired which served to show a spirit of patriotic resistance to oppression among the people. One of the most remarkable of these was the burning of the Gaspee, a British revenue cutter.

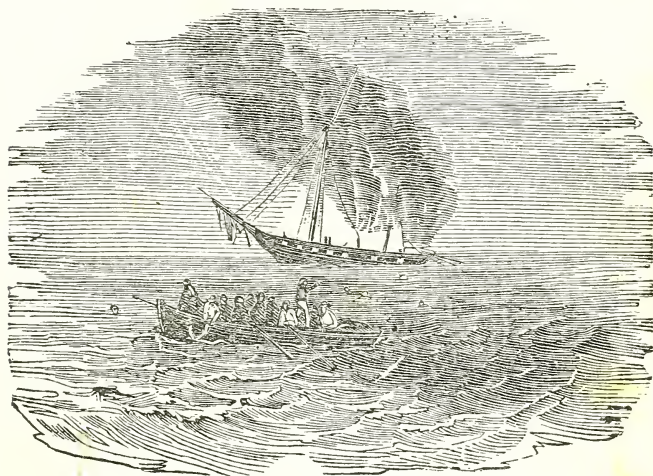
Lieutenant Doddington, who commanded that vessel, had become very obnoxious to the inhabitants of Rhode Island, by his extraordinary zeal in the execution of the revenue laws. On the 9th of June, the Providence packet

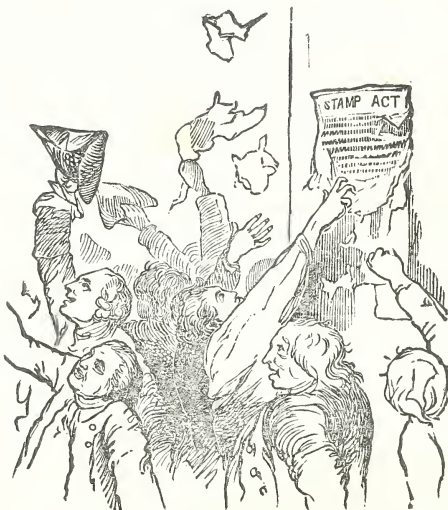
was sailing into the harbor of Newport and Lieutenant Doddington ordered the captain to lower his colors. This the captain of the packet deemed repugnant to his patriotic feelings, and the Gaspee fired at the packet to bring her to ; the American, however, still persisted in holding on her course, and by keeping in shoal water, dexterously contrived to run the schooner aground in the chase. As the tide was upon the ebb, the Gaspee was set fast for the night, and afforded a tempting opportunity for retaliation ; and a number of fishermen, aided and encouraged by some of the most respectable inhabitants of Providence, being determined to rid themselves of so uncivil an inspector, in the middle of the night manned several boats, and boarded the Gaspee.. The Lieutenant was wounded in the affray ; but with every thing belonging to him, he was carefully conveyed on shore, as were all his crew. The vessel, with her stores, was then burnt ; and the party returned unmolested to their homes. When the governor became acquainted with this event, he offered a reward of five hundred pounds for the discovery of the offenders and the royal pardon to those who would confess their guilt. Commissioners were appointed also to investigate the offence, and bring the perpetrators to justice ; but, after remaining some time in session, they reported that they could obtain no evidence, and thus the affair ter-



BURNING OF THE GASPEL.

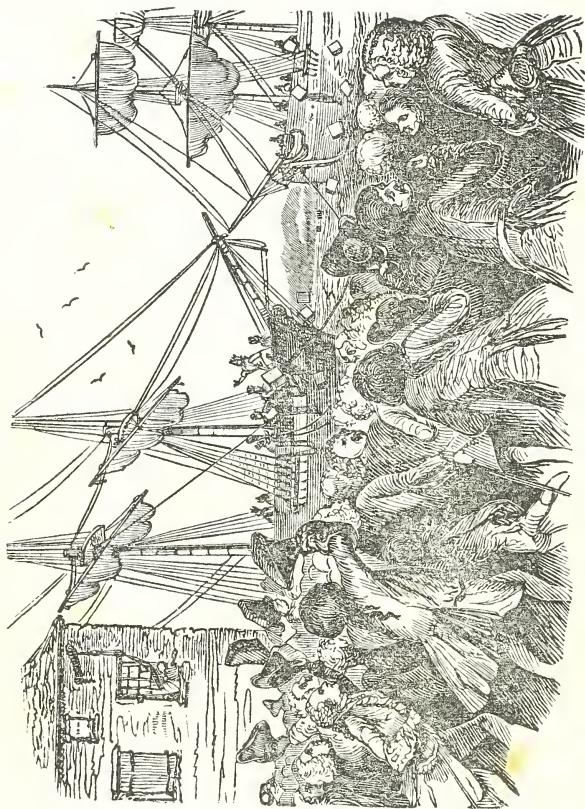
minated a circumstance which forcibly illustrates the inviolable brotherhood which then united the people against the government. The same secrecy and fidelity was shown by the people, in the measures which they took for providing and concealing ammunition and arms, as well as in baffling the attempts of the government to discover the persons concerned in the great tea riot.





THE GREAT TEA RIOT.

THE great question on which the Revolution turned was taxation without representation in parliament. This the colonists were determined to resist. The Stamp Act riots showed the spirit of the people, and occasioned the withdrawal of that obnoxious measure. The right to tax however was still maintained by the British government ; and a tax was laid on tea. The colonists resisted by refusing to use tea.

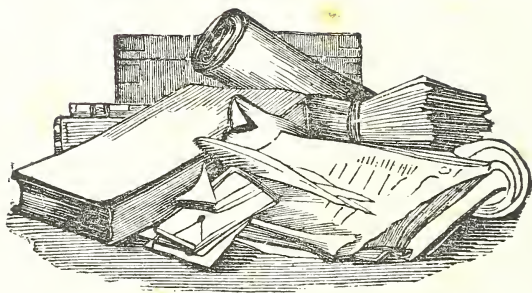


THROWING THE TEA OVERBOARD. 28

The crisis now drew near when the Americans were to decide whether they would submit, to be taxed by the British Parliament, or practically support their own principles, and brave the most perilous consequences of their inflexibility. One common sentiment seemed to be awakened throughout the whole continent by the tidings of the ministerial plan, which was universally reprobated as an attempt at once injurious and insulting, to bribe the Americans to surrender their rights and bend their own necks to the arbitrary power. A violent ferment was everywhere excited: the corresponding committees and political clubs exerted their utmost activity to rouse and unite the people; and as it was generally declared that as every citizen owed to his country the duty at least of refraining from being accessory to her subjugation, every man who should countenance the present dangerous measure of the British government should be deemed an enemy of America. Some of the popular leaders expressed doubts of the prudence of actual resistance to a measure of so little intrinsic importance; and preferably urged that the people should be restrained from violence till the occurrence of an opportunity of rousing and directing their force against some invasion of American liberty more momentous and alarming. But to this suggestion it was reasonably and successfully replied, that such an opportunity

might never occur again; that Britain, warned by the past, would avoid sudden and startling innovations; that her policy would be,—by multiplying posts and officers, and either bestowing them on her partisans, or employing them to corrupt her antagonists,—to increase her force proportionally faster than the force of the patriotic party would increase by the growth of the American population; that she had latterly sent out as her functionaries a number of young men who, marrying into provincial families of influence and consideration, had weakened the force of American opposition; and that *now* was the time to profit by the general irritation of the people and the blunders which Britain had commenced, in order to precipitate a collision which sooner or later was inevitable, and to prevent a seeming accommodation of the quarrel which would only expose the interests of America to additional disadvantages. The East India Company, confident of finding a market for their tea, reduced as it was now in price, freighted several ships to America with this commodity, and appointed consignees to receive and dispose of it. Some cargoes were sent to New York; some to Boston. The inhabitants of New York and Philadelphia prevailed with the consignees to disclaim their functions, and forced the ships to return with their cargoes to London. The inhabitants of Charleston unladed the tea, and deposited it in public cellars where it was guarded from

use and finally perished.. At Boston the consignees, who were the near kinsmen of Governor Hutchison, at first refused to resign their appointments; and the vessels containing the tea lay in the harbor watched by a strong guard of the citizens, who from a numerous town-meeting, despatched the most peremptory commands to the ship-masters not to land their obnoxious cargoes. After much delay, the consignees, alarmed by the increasing violence of the people, solicited leave from the governor to resign, but were encouraged by him to persist. They proposed then to the people that the tea should be landed, and preserved in some public store or magazine; but this compromise was indignantly rejected. At length the popular rage could be contained no longer. From the symptoms of its dangerous fervour, the consignees fled in dismay to the castle; while an assemblage of men dressed and painted like Mohawk Indians, boarded the vessels and threw the tea into the ocean. The conduct of the East India company in assisting the policy of the British government, strongly excited the displeasure of the Americans.



THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.

THE subjoined extract of a characteristic letter from John Adams, describing a scene in the first Congress in Philadelphia, in 1774, shows on what Power the mighty men of old rested their cause. Mr. Adams thus wrote to a friend at the time :

“When Congress met, Mr. Cushing made a motion that it should be opened with prayer. It was opposed by Mr. Jay, of New York, and Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, because we were so divided in religious sentiment some Episcopalians, some Quakers, some Anabaptists,



THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.



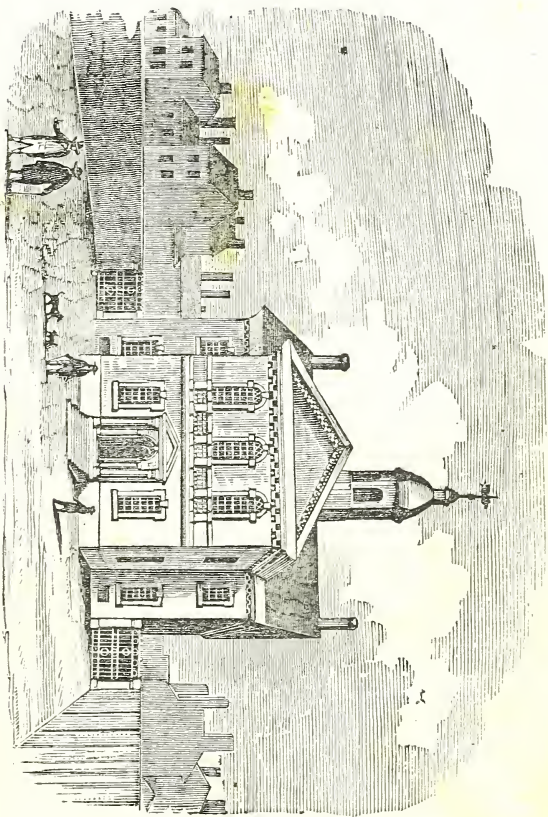
some Presbyterians, and some Congregationalists, that we could not join in the same act of worship. Mr. Samuel Adams rose and said that he was no bigot, and could hear a prayer from any good man of piety and virtue who was at the same time a friend to his country. He was stranger in Philadelphia, but had heard that Mr. Duche (Dushay they pronounced it) deserved that character, and therefore he moved that Mr. Duche, an Episcopal clergyman, might be desired to read prayers to the Congress tomorrow morning. This motion was seconded, and passed in the affirmative. Mr. Randolph, our President, waited on Mr. Duche, and received for answer that if his health would permit he certainly would. Accordingly, next morning he appeared with his clerk, in his pontificals, and read several prayers in the established form, and he then read the collect for the seventh day of September, which was the thirty-fifth psalm. You must remember, this was the next morning after we had heard the rumour of the horrible cannonade of Boston. It seems as if Heaven had ordained that Psalm to be read on that morning.

“After this, Mr. Duche, unexpectedly to every-body, struck out into an extemporary prayer, which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer pronounced. Episcopalian as he is, Dr. Cooper himself never prayed with such fevour, such

ardour, such correctness and pathos, and in language so elegant and sublime, for America, for Congress, for the province of the Massachusetts Bay, especially the town of Boston. It has had an excellent effect upon every body here. I must beg you to read that Psalm. If there is any faith in the sortes Virgilianæ, or sortes Homericæ, or especially the sortes Biblicæ, it would be thought providential."

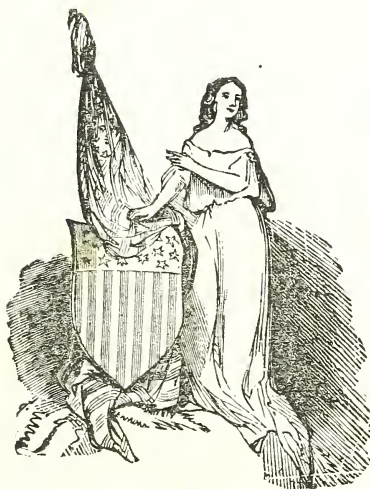
Here was a scene worthy of the painter's art. It was in Carpenter's Hall, Carpenter's Court, between Third and Fourth streets, Philadelphia, a building which still survives in its original condition, though now converted into an auction mart, where the forty-four individuals met to whom this service was read.

Washington was kneeling there, and Henry, and Randolph, and Rutledge, and Lee, and Jay; and by their side there stood, bowed down in deference, the Puritan Patriots of New England, who at that moment had reason to believe that an armed soldiery was wasting their humble households. It was believed that Boston had been bombarded and destroyed. They prayed fervently for "America, for the Congress, for the province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially for the town of Boston:" and who can realize the emotions with which they turned imploringly to heaven for divine interposition and aid? "It was enough," says Mr. Adams," to melt a heart of stone. I



CARPENTERS HALL.

saw the tears gush into the eyes of the old, grave, pacific Quakers of Philadelphia." The practice of opening the daily sessions of Congress with prayer, has continued to the present time.





BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

A CONSIDERABLE quantity of military stores having been deposited at Concord, eighteen miles from Boston, General Gage, who commanded the British troops in that city, determined to destroy them. In pursuance of his design, he, on the evening of the 18th of April, 1775, despatched a party of eight hundred grenadiers and light infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, who crossed Charles river from the foot of Boston Common to Phips's farm in Cambridge, about eleven o'clock at night, and commenced a quick but silent march for Concord. Though they attempted to preserve secrecy, yet the friends of

liberty were too vigilant not to notice their departure, and many messengers were immediately sent to alarm the country. Of these, Colonel Revere, Mr. Dawes, and three or four others of the most active, fell into the hands of a party of British officers, who kept them as prisoners for a time, but, becoming alarmed at the firing of a party of militia at drill near Lexington meeting-house, they took the horses from their captives and rode off. The following account of the battle is given by one of the most celebrated orators of New England.

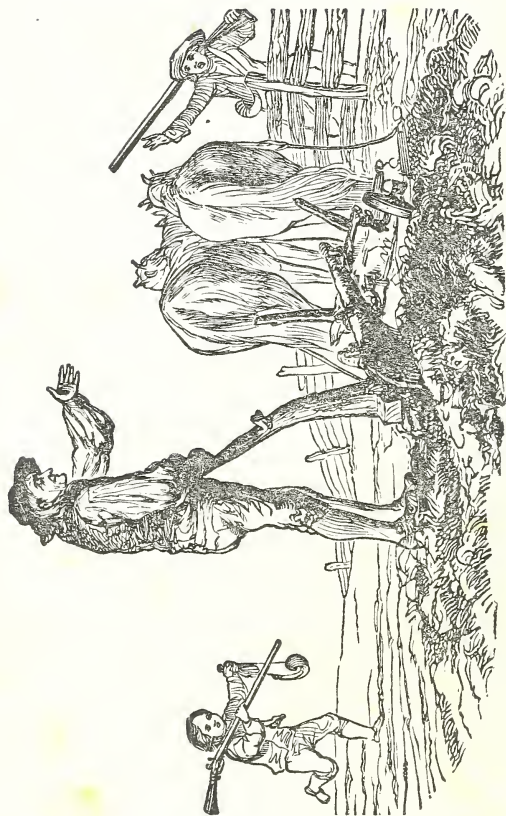
“The Committee of Safety sat the preceding day at West Cambridge; and three of its respected members, Gerry, Lee, and Orne, had retired to sleep, in the public house, where the session of the committee was held. So difficult was it, notwithstanding all that had passed, to realize that a state of things could exist, between England and America, in which American citizens should be liable to be torn from their beds by an armed force at midnight, that the members of the Committee of Safety, though forewarned of the approach of the British troops, did not even think it necessary to retire from their lodgings. On the contrary, they rose from their beds and went to their windows to gaze on the unwonted sight, the midnight march of the armies through the peaceful hamlets of New England. Half the column had already passed, when a flank guard was promptly detached to search the public

house, no doubt in the design of arresting the members of the Committee of Safety, who might be there. It was only at this last critical moment, that Mr. Gerry and his friends bethought themselves of flight, and without time even to clothe themselves, escaped naked into the fields.

“By this time, Colonel Smith, who commanded the expedition, appears to have been alarmed at the indications of a general rising throughout the country. The light infantry companies were now detached and placed under the command of Major Pitcairn, for the purpose of hastening forward, to secure the bridges at Concord; and thus cut off the communication between this place, and the towns north and west of it. Before these companies could reach Lexington, the officers already mentioned, who had arrested Colonel Revere, joined their advancing countrymen, and reported that five hundred men were drawn up in Lexington, to resist the king's troops. On receiving this exaggerated account, the British light infantry was halted, to give time for the grenadiers to come up, that the whole together might move forward to the work of death.

“The company assembled on Lexington Green, which the British officers, in their report, had swelled to five hundred, consisted of sixty or seventy of the militia of the place. Information had been received about nightfall, both by private means and by communications from the





Committee of Safety, that a strong party of officers had been seen on the road, directing their course toward Lexington. In consequence of this intelligence, a body of about thirty of the militia, well armed, assembled early in the evening; a guard of eight men under Colonel William Munroe, then a sergeant in the company, was stationed at the house of the Rev. Mr. Clark; and three men were sent off to give the alarm at Concord. These three men were, however, stopped on their way, as has been mentioned, by the British officers, who had already passed onward. One of their number, Elijah Sanderson, has lately died at Salem at an advanced age. A little after midnight, Messrs. Revere and Dawes arrived with the certain information that a very large body of the royal troops was in motion. The alarm was now generally given to the inhabitants of Lexington, messengers were sent down the road to ascertain the movements of the troops, and the militia company under Captain John Parker, appeared on the green to the number of one hundred and thirty. The roll was duly called at this perilous midnight muster, and some answered to their names for the last time on earth. The company was now ordered to load with powder and ball, and awaited in anxious expectation the return of those who had been sent to reconnoitre the enemy. One of them, in consequence of some misinformation, returned and reported that there was no

appearance of troops on the road from Boston. Under this harassing uncertainty and contradiction, the militia were dismissed to await the return of the other expresses, and with orders to be in readiness at the beat of the drum. One of these messengers was made prisoner by the British, whose march was so cautious, that they remained undiscovered until within a mile and a half of Lexington meeting-house, and time was scarce left for the last messenger to return with the tidings of their approach.

The new alarm was now given; the bell rings, alarm-guns are fired, the drum beats to arms. Some of the militia had gone home, when dismissed; but the greater part were in the neighboring houses, and instantly obeyed the summons. Sixty or seventy appeared on the green and were drawn up in double ranks. At this moment the British column of eight hundred gleaming bayonets appears, headed by their mounted commanders, beating a charge. To engage them with a handful of militia of course was madness,—to fly at the sight of them they disdained. The British troops rush furiously on; their commanders, with mingled threats and execrations, bid the Americans lay down their arms and disperse, and their own troops to fire. A moment's delay, as of compunction, follows. The order with vehement imprecations is repeated, and they fire. No one falls, and the band of self-devoted heroes, most of whom never saw such a body

of troops before, stand firm in the front of an army, outnumbering them ten to one. Another volley succeeds; the killed and wounded drop, and it was not until they had returned the fire of the overwhelming force that the militia were driven from the field. A scattered fire now succeeded on both sides, while the Americans remained in sight; and the British troops were then drawn up on the green to fire a volley and give a shout in honor of the victory.





FIGHT AT CONCORD BRIDGE.

ELATED with its success at Lexington, the British army took up its march toward Concord. The intelligence of the projected expedition had been communicated to this town by Dr. Samuel Prescott; and from Concord had travelled on in every direction. The interval was employed in removing a portion of the public stores to the neighboring towns, while the aged and infirm, the women and children, sought refuge in the neighboring woods.

About seven o'clock in the morning, the glittering arms of the British columns were seen advancing on the Lin-

coln road. A body of militia, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred men, who had taken post for observation on the heights above the entrance to the town, retire at the approach of the army of the enemy, first to the hill a little farther north, and then beyond the bridge. The British troops press forward into the town, and are drawn up in front of the court-house. Parties are then ordered out to the various spots where the public stores and arms were supposed to be deposited. Much had been removed to places of safety, and something was saved by the prompt and innocent artifices of individuals. The destruction of property and arms was hasty and incomplete, and considered as the object of an enterprise of such fatal consequences it stands in shocking contrast with the waste of blood by which it was effected.

It was the first care of the British commander to cut off the approach of the Americans from the neighboring towns, by destroying or occupying the bridges. A party was immediately sent to the south bridge and tore it up. A force of six companies, under Captains Parsons and Lowrie were left to guard it, and three under Captain Parsons proceeded to Colonel Barrett's house, in search of provincial stores.

While they were engaged on that errand, the militia of Concord, joined by their noble brethren from the neighboring towns, gathered on the hill opposite the north

bridge, under the command of Colonel Robinson and Major Buttrick. The British companies at the bridge were now apparently bewildered with the perils of their situation, and began to tear up the planks of the bridge; not remembering that this would expose their own party then at Colonel Barrett's, to certain and entire destruction. The Americans, on the other hand, resolved to keep open the communication with the town, and perceiving the attempt which was made to destroy the bridge, were immediately put in motion, with orders not to give the first fire. They drew near to the bridge, the Acton company in front, led on by the gallant Davis. Three alarm guns were fired into the water, by the British, without arresting the march of the citizens. The signal for a general discharge is then made; a British soldier steps from the ranks, and fires at Major Buttrick. The ball passed between his arm and his side, and slightly wounded Mr. Luther Blanchard, who stood near him. A volley instantly followed, and Captain Davis was shot through the heart, gallantly marching at the head of the Acton militia against the choice troops of the British line. A private of his company, Mr. Hosmer, of Acton, also fell at his side.

A general action now ensued, which terminated in the retreat of the British party, after the loss of several killed and wounded, toward the centre of the town, followed by



PROVINCIALS HARASSING THE BRITISH ON THEIR RETREAT. 51



the brave band who had driven them from their post. The advance party of British at Colonel Barrett's was thus left to its fate; and nothing would have been more easy than to effect its entire destruction. But the idea of a declared war had yet scarcely forced itself, with all its consequences, into the minds of our countrymen: and these advanced companies were allowed to return unmolested to the main band.

It was now twelve hours since the first alarm had been given, the evening before, of the meditated expedition. The swift watches of that eventful night, had scattered the tidings far and wide; and widely as they spread, the people rose in their strength. The genius of America, on this the morning of her emancipation, had sounded her horn over the plains and upon the mountains; and the indignant yeomanry of the land, armed with the weapons which had done service in their fathers' hands, poured to the spot where this new and strange tragedy was acting. The old New England drums, that had beat at Louisburg, at Quebec, at Martinique, at the Havanna, were now beating on all the roads to Concord. There were officers in the British line that knew the sound; they had heard it, in the deadly breach, beneath the black, deep-throated engines of the French and Spanish castles, and they knew what followed, where that sound went before.

With the British it was a question no longer of pro-

tracted contest, nor even of halting long enough to rest their exhausted troops, after a weary night's march, and all the labor, confusion, and distress of the day's efforts. The dead were hastily buried in the public square; their wounded placed in the vehicles which the town afforded; and a flight commenced, to which the annals of warfare will hardly afford a parallel. On all the neighboring hills were multitudes from the surrounding country, of the unarmed and infirm, of women and of children, who had fled from the terrors and perils of the plunder and conflagration of their own homes; or were collected with fearful curiosity, to mark the progress of this storm of war. The panic fears of a calamitous flight, on the part of the British, transformed this inoffensive, timid throng into a threatening array of armed men; and there was too much reason for the misconception. Every height of ground within reach of the line of march, was covered with the indignant avengers of their slaughtered brethren. The British light companies were sent out to great distances as flanking parties; but who was to flank the flankers? Every patch of trees, every rock, every stream of water, every building, every stone wall, was lined, (I use the words of a British officer in the battle,) with an unintermitted fire. Every cross road opened a new avenue to the assailants. Through one of these the gallant Brooks led up the minute-men of Reading. At another defile,



COLONEL BROOKS.

they were encountered by the Lexington militia under Captain Parker, who, undismayed at the loss of more than a tenth of their number in killed and wounded in the morning, had returned to the conflict.

At first the contest was kept up by the British with all the skill and valor of veteran troops. To a military eye it was not an unequal contest. The commander was not, or ought not to have been taken by surprise. Eight hundred picked men, grenadiers and light infantry, from the English army, were no doubt considered by General Gage a very ample detachment to march eighteen or twenty miles through an open country: and a very fair match

for all the resistance which could be made by unprepared husbandmen, without concert, discipline, or leaders.

With about ten times their number, the Grecian commander had forced a march out of the wrecks of a field of battle and defeat, through the barbarous nations of Asia, for thirteen long months, from the plains of Babylon to the Black Sea, through forests, defiles, and deserts, which the foot of civilized man had never trod. It was the American cause,—its holy foundation in truth and right, its strength and life in the hearts of the people, that converted what would naturally have been the undisturbed march of a strong, well-provided army, into a rabble rout of terror and death. It was this which sowed the fields of our pacific villages with dragon's teeth; which nerved the arm of age; called the ministers and servants of the church into the hot fire; and even filled with strange passion and manly strength, the heart and the arm of the stripling.

A British historian, to paint the terrific aspect of things that presented itself to his countrymen, declares that the rebels swarmed upon the hills, as if they had dropped from the clouds. Before the flying troops had reached Lexington, their rout was entire. Some of the officers had been made prisoners, some had been killed, and several wounded, and among them the commander-in-chief, Colonel Smith. The ordinary means of preserving discipline

failed; the wounded, in chaises and wagons, pressed to the front and obstructed the road; wherever the flanking parties, from the nature of the ground, were forced to come in, the line of march was crowded and broken; the ammunition began to fail; and at length the entire body was on a full run. "We attempted," says a British officer already quoted, "to stop the men and form them two deep, but to no purpose; the confusion rather increased than lessened."

An English historian says, the British soldiers were driven before the Americans like sheep; till, by a last desperate effort, the officers succeeded in forcing their way to the front, "when they presented their swords and bayonets against the breasts of their own men, and told them if they advanced they should die." Upon this they began to form, under what the same British officer pronounces a "very heavy fire," which must soon have led to the destruction or capture of the whole corps.

At this critical moment a reinforcement arrived. Colonel Smith had sent back a messenger from Lexington to apprise General Gage of the check he had there received, and of the alarm which was running through the country. Three regiments of infantry and two divisions of marines with two field-pieces, under the command of Brigadier-General Lord Percy, were accordingly detached. They marched out of Boston, through Roxbury and Cam-



LORD PERCY.

bridge, and came up with the flying party, in the hour of their extreme peril. While their field-pieces kept the Americans at bay, the reinforcement drew up in a hollow square, into which, says the British historian, they received the exhausted fugitives, who lay down on the ground, with their tongues hanging from their mouths, like dogs after a chase."

A half hour was given to rest; the march was then resumed; and under cover of the field-pieces, every house in Lexington, and on the road downwards, was plundered and set on fire. Though the flames in most cases were speedily extinguished, several houses were destroyed.



LORD PERCY'S ARTILLERY. 59

Notwithstanding the attention of a great part of the Americans was thus drawn off, and although the British force was now more than doubled, their retreat still wore the aspect of a flight. The Americans filled the heights that overhung the road, and at every defile the struggle was sharp and bloody.

At West Cambridge, the gallant Warren, never distant when danger was to be braved, appeared in the field, and a musket-ball soon cut off a lock of hair from his temple. General Heath was with him, nor does there appear till this moment, to have been any effective command among the American forces.

Below West Cambridge, the militia from Dorchester, Roxbury, and Brookline came up. The British field-pieces began to lose their terror. A sharp skirmish followed, and many fell on both sides. Indignation and outraged humanity struggled on the one hand, veteran discipline and desperation on the other; and the contest, in more than one instance, was man to man, and bayonet to bayonet.

The British officers had been compelled to descend from their horses to escape the certain destruction which attended their exposed situation. The wounded, to the number of two hundred, now presented the most distressing and constantly increasing obstruction to the progress of the march.

Near one hundred brave men had fallen in this disastrous flight ; a considerable number had been made prisoners ; a round or two of ammunition only remained ; and it was not till late in the evening, nearly twenty-four hours from the time when the first detachment was put in motion, that the exhausted remnant reached the heights of Charlestown.

The boats of the vessels of war were immediately employed to transport the wounded ; the remaining British troops in Boston came over to Charlestown to protect their weary countrymen during the night ; and before the close of the next day the royal army was formally besieged in Boston.





BENEDICT ARNOLD.

CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA.

Soon after the battle of Lexington, the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, two forts, that would be of great importance to the Americans, was conceived by some of the boldest inhabitants of Connecticut. Forty volunteers were raised, who proceeded from Connecticut to Bennington, in the New Hampshire Grants, where they were to meet Colonel Ethan Allen. He soon joined them with two hundred and thirty men at Castleton, and entered readily into their design. They were quite unexpectedly joined by Colonel Benedict Arnold, who was

bound upon the same errand. He was permitted to act as an auxiliary to Allen, who acted as commander of the party. They arrived on the shores of Lake Champlain, opposite Ticonderoga on the 9th of May.

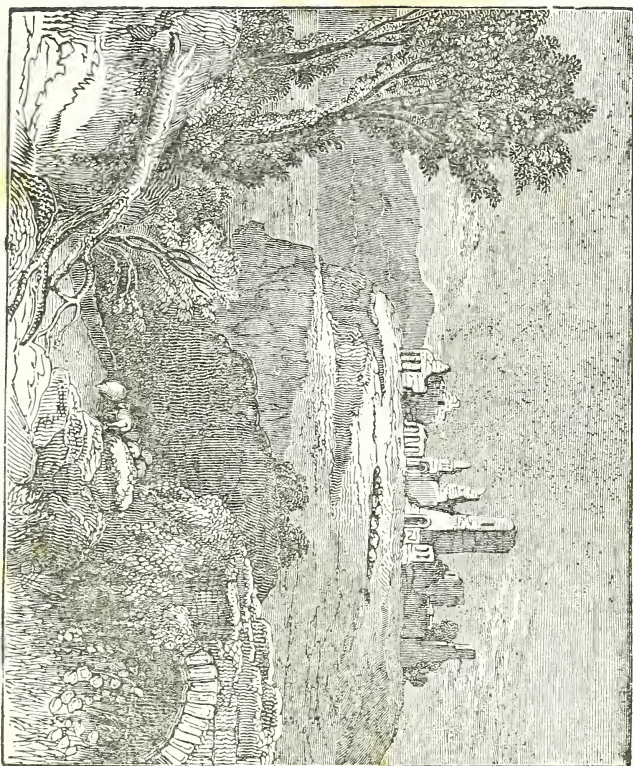
Allen and Arnold with eighty three men crossed and entered the fort abreast. They found the whole garrison with the exception of one sentinel asleep; and his piece missing fire, he made an attempt to escape into the fort; but he was pursued by the Americans, who, forming themselves into a hollow square, gave three loud huzzas, which instantly alarmed the sleeping garrison.

Some slight skirmishing ensued, when the commander, De la Place, appeared, and was required to surrender the fort. "By what authority?" he asked in great surprise, "I demand it," replied Allen, "in the name of the Great Jehovah and of the continental Congress!" This extraordinary summons was instantly obeyed; and the fort, with its valuable stores and forty-nine prisoners, was surrendered without delay.

Crown Point was captured by Colonel Seth Warren, immediately after, together with the garrison, which consisted only of a Sergeant and twelve men. Arnold captured a British Sloop-of-war, lying off St. Johns, at the Northern end of Lake Champlain, and now commenced a brilliant though very brief career, which was soon clouded

RUINS AT TICONDEROGA.

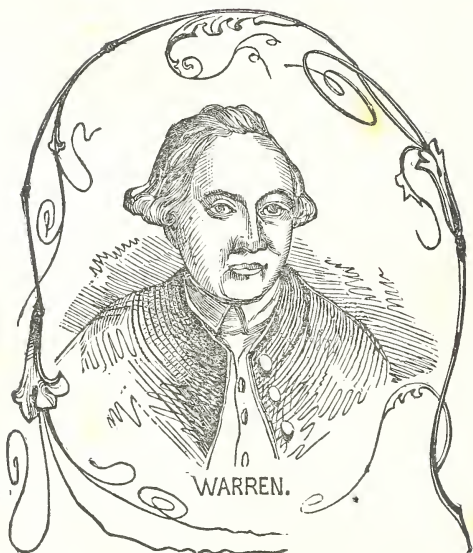
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by private vice, vanity and prodigality, and finally tarnished by public treachery and dishonor.

Thus the Americans, without losing a single man, acquired by a bold decisive blow two important posts, a great quantity of artillery and ammunition, and the command of Lake George and Champlain.





BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

THE traveller who visits Boston can scarcely fail to associate in his mind the field of battle where the early heroes of the Revolution first established the character of that event, marked as it was by undaunted resolution, the offspring of a determined purpose. From the State-House of Massachusetts, conspicuously seated on an eminence, the eye ranges over Charlestown, a considerable place that now adjoins Boston by a spacious bridge. The patriot will

scarcely content himself with a remote view of this impressive scene, designated by a monument to the memory of General Warren, who fell distinguished on that occasion. At a distance of about two miles, some hills are discerned, viz., Prospect Hill, Ploughed Hill, Breed's Hill, and Bunker's Hill. As you advance on the road in the rear of the navy yard at Charlestown, Breed's Hill rears its venerable brow on the left. Here it was that a detachment from the American army of one thousand men, under Colonel Prescott, began at twelve o'clock in the night of the 16th of June, 1775, to throw up some works extending from Charlestown to the river which separates that town from Boston. They proceeded with such secrecy and despatch that the officers of a ship of war then in the river, expressed their astonishment when in the morning they saw entrenchments reared and fortified in the space of a few hours, where, from the contiguity of the situation, they least expected the Americans would look them in the face.

The alarm being immediately given, orders were given that a continual fire should be kept playing upon the unfinished works, from the ships, the floating batteries in the river, and Copp's Hill, a fortified post of the British in Boston, directly opposite the American redoubt; but, with extraordinary perseverance, the Americans continued to strengthen their works, not returning a shot till noon,



GENERAL HOWE.

when a number of boats and barges, filled with regular troops from Boston, approached Charlestown. The day was exceedingly hot. Ten companies of grenadiers, ten of light infantry, with a proportion of field artillery, landed at Moreton's Point, the whole commanded by Major-General Howe and Brigadier-General Pigot. The troops having formed, remained in that position till joined by a second detachment of light infantry and grenadier companies, the 47th regiment, and a battalion of marines, making in the whole near three thousand men.

The Americans had not a rifleman amongst them, not

one being yet arrived from the southward, nor had they any rifle pieces ; they had but common muskets, and these mostly without bayonets ; but then they were almost all marksmen, being accustomed to sporting of one kind or other from their youth. A reinforcement of Massachusetts troops was posted in a redoubt, and in part of the breast-work nearest it. The left of the breast-work, and the open ground stretching beyond its point to the water side, along which time did not admit of accomplishing the work, were occupied partly by the Massachusetts, and partly by the Connecticut men under Captain Nolton, of Ashford, and the New Hampshire under Colonel Stark, the whole amounting to about one thousand five hundred men. By direction of the officers the troops upon the open ground pulled up the post and rail fence, and carrying it forward to another of the same kind, and placing some clods of grass between, formed a slight defence in some parts.

A critical scene now opened to the view. The British regulars formed in two lines, advanced slowly, frequently halting to give the artillery time to fire. The light infantry were directed to force the left point of the breast-work, and to take the American line in flank. The grenadiers advanced to attack in front, supported by two battalions, under General Howe, while the left, under General

Pigot, inclined to the right of the American line. The appearance of this line of regulars was formidable.

As the British advanced nearer and nearer to the attack, a carcass was discharged from Copp's Hill, which set on fire an old house in Charlestown, and the flames quickly spread to others. The houses at the eastern end of Charlestown were set on fire by seamen from the boats. The whole town, consisting of about three hundred dwelling houses, and nearly two hundred other buildings, became speedily involved in one great blaze, being chiefly of timber. The large meeting-house, by its aspiring steeple, formed a pyramid of fire above the rest.

The houses, heights, and steeples in Boston were covered with spectators of this anxious scene, and the surrounding hills were occupied by others.

The slow movement of the British troops advancing to the attack, afforded to the Americans the advantage of taking a surer and more deliberate aim. The wind having shifted, carried the smoke from the conflagration in such a direction that the British had not the cover of it in their approach. The destruction of the place, however, served to prevent their opponents from effecting a lodgement in the houses whence they might have annoyed to advantage. General Warren, who had been appointed by Congress a Major-General in their armies only four days before, was every where aiding and encouraging his men. General

Pomery commanded a brigade, and General Putnam, a brave and meritorious officer, directed the whole on the fall of General Warren. The troops were ordered to reserve their fire until the close approach of the British. They strictly obeyed, with a steadiness and composure that would have done honor to the most approved veterans, and when the enemy had arrived within ten or twelve rods poured in a discharge of small arms which arrested and so staggered their foes, that they could only for a time return it, without advancing a step.

Finding the stream of the American fire so incessant as to mow down whole sections, they retired in disorder to the river. Rallying as well as their extraordinary loss of their officers would admit of, the British again advanced with the apparent resolution of forcing their way, whatever loss of life it might cost them. The Americans again reserved their fire till the enemy arrived within six rods, when, discharging their pieces, which were admirably pointed, they threw the opposing ranks again into confusion.

General Clinton, who, with General Gage, the commander-in-chief of the British forces in Boston, was on Copp's Hill, observing the event of the day, when he perceived the disconcerted state of the troops, passed over and joined just in time to be of service. The united and strenuous efforts of the different officers were again suc-

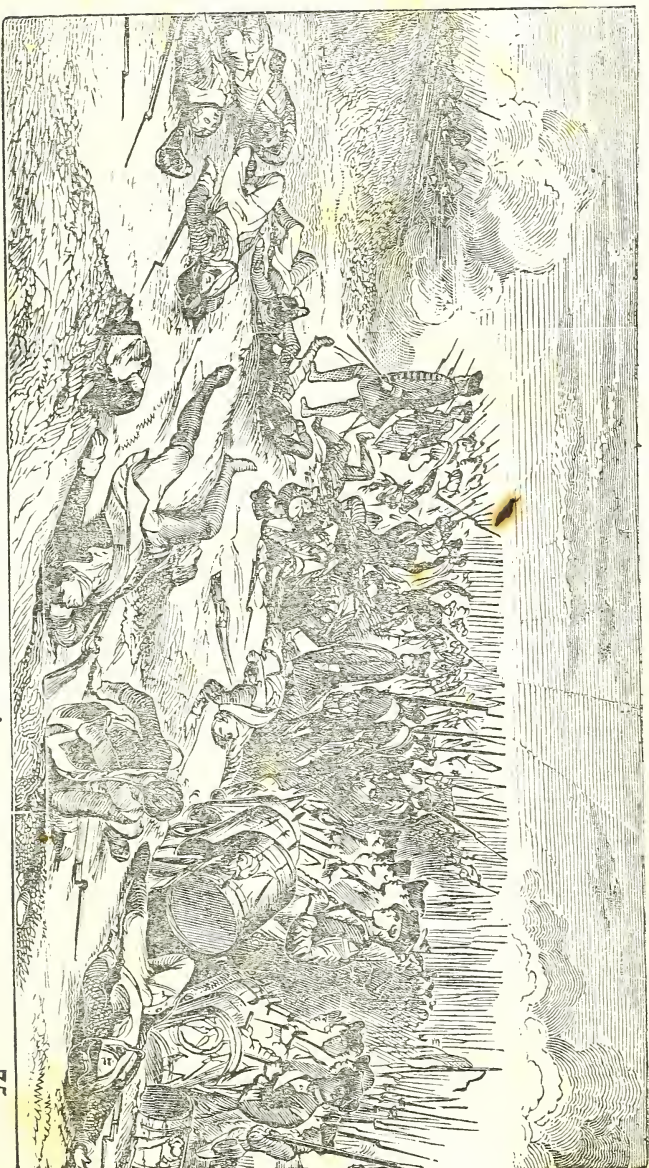


GENERAL CLINTON.

ressful, and the columns were advanced a third time to the attack, with a desperation increased by the unshaken opposition they experienced.

It is probable, from the nature of the resistance, that every effort to dislodge the Americans would have been ineffectual, had not their ammunition failed ; on sending for a supply none could be procured, as there was but a barrel and a half in the magazine.

This deficiency prevented them from making the same defence as before ; while the British enjoyed a farther advantage by bringing some cannon to bear so as to rake



THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.



the inside of the breast work from end to end, upon which the Americans were compelled to retreat within their redoubt. The British now made a decisive movement, covered by the fire of the ships, batteries, and field-artillery. The Americans disputed possession of the works with the butt ends of their muskets, until the redoubt easily mounted and attacked on three sides at once, was taken, and their defences, the labor of only a few hours, had been prostrated by artillery.

Whilst these operations were going on at the breast-work and redoubt, the British light infantry were engaged in attempting to force the left point of the former, through the space between that and the water, that they might take the American line in flank. The resistance they met with was as formidable and fatal in its effects as experienced in the other quarter; for here, also, the Americans by command, reserved their fire till the enemy's close approach, and then poured in a discharge so well directed and with such execution, that wide chasms were made in every rank.

Some of the Americans were slightly guarded by the rail fences, but others were altogether exposed, so that their bravery in close combat was put to the test, independent of defences neither formed by military rules nor workmen. The most determined assaults of their regular opponents who were now brought to the charge with redoubled fury

could not, after all, compel them to retreat, till they observed that their main body had left the hill, when they retrograded, but with a regularity that could scarcely have been expected of troops newly embodied, and who in general never before saw an engagement. Overpowered by numbers, and seeing all hope of reinforcement cut off by the incessant fire of the ships across a neck of land that separated them from the country, they were compelled to quit the ground.

The staunch opposition of this band of patriots saved their comrades, who must otherwise have been cut off, as the enemy, but for them, would have been in the rear of the whole. While these brave heroes retired, disputing every inch of ground, and taking up every new position successively that admitted of defence, their leader, the gallant Warren, unfortunately received a ball through the skull, and mechanically clapping his hand to the wound, dropped down dead.

The British, taught by the experience of this day to respect their rustic adversaries, contented themselves with taking post at Bunker's Hill, which they fortified. The Americans, with the enthusiasm of men determined to be free, did the same upon Prospect Hill, a mile in front. It was here that General Putnam regaled the precious remains of his army after the fatigues, with several hogsheads of beer. Owing to some unaccountable error, the working



GENERAL PUTNAM.

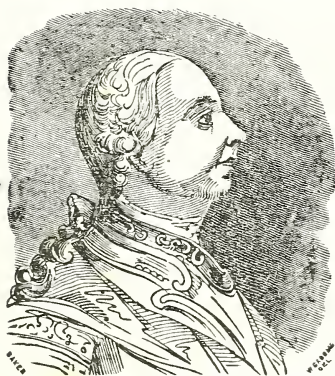
parties who had been incessantly laboring the whole of the preceding night, were neither relieved nor supplied with refreshments, but left to engage under all these disadvantages. The battle was generally admitted, by experienced officers of the British army who witnessed it and had served at Minden, Dettingen, and throughout the campaign in Germany, to have been unparalleled for the time it lasted, and the numbers engaged. There was a continued sheet of fire from the breast-work for nearly half an hour, and the action was hot for about double that period. In this short space of time, the loss of the British according to

General Gage, amounted to ten hundred and fifty-four, of whom two hundred and twenty six were killed; of these nineteen were commissioned officers, including a lieutenant colonel, two majors, and seven captains; seventy other officers were wounded.

The battle of Quebec, in the former war, with all its glory, and the vastness of the consequences attending it, was not so disastrous in the loss of officers as this affair of an American entrenchment, the work of but a few hours. The fact was, the Americans, accustomed to aim with precision and to select objects, directed their skill principally against the officers of the British army, justly conceiving that much confusion would ensue on their fall.

Nearly all the officers around the person of General Howe were killed or disabled, and the General himself narrowly escaped. At the battle of Minden, where the British regiments sustained the force of the whole French army for a considerable time, the number of officers killed, including two who died soon after of their wounds, was only thirteen, and the wounded sixty six; the total loss of the army on that occasion was two-hundred and ninety one in killed, and one thousand and thirty seven wounded.

The British acknowledged the valor of their opponents, which, though by no means new to them, surpassed on this occasion what could have been expected of an *handful of cottagers*, as they termed them, under officers of



GENERAL WOLFE.

little military knowledge and still less experience, whom they affected to hold in contempt.

They pretended to forget that many of the common soldiers who gained such laurels by their singular bravery on the plains of Abraham, when Wolf died in the arms of victory, were natives of the Massachusetts Bay. When Martinique was attacked in 1761, and the British force was greatly reduced by sickness and mortality, the timely arrival of the New England troops enabled the British commander to prosecute the reduction of the island to a happy issue.

A part of the troops being sent on an expedition to the Havana, the New Englanders, whose health had been much impaired by service and the climate, were embarked

in three ships for their native country, with a view to their recovery. Before they had completed their voyage, they found themselves restored, ordered the ships about, steered immediately for the Havana, arrived when the British were too much weakened to expect success, and by their junction, contributed materially to the surrender of the place. Their fidelity, activity, and good conduct was such as to gain the approbation and unbounded confidence of the British officers. Of such elementary principles were the heroes of Bunker's hill composed. It surely was a misguided policy to rouse the opposition of men made of these materials.

A spot so fertile in great associations, could not but attract the special notice of the president of the United States during a tour to the eastward. It was precisely where Warren fell that his excellency met the citizens of Charleston on the occasion and addressed them as follows:

“It is highly gratifying to me to meet the committee of Charleston upon a theatre so interesting to the United States. It is impossible to approach Bunker Hill, where the war of the Revolution commenced, with so much honor to the nation, without being deeply affected. The blood spilt here roused the whole American people, and united them in the common cause, in defence of their rights.—that union will never be broken.”

Whether indeed we consider the action of the 17th of



June in itself, or as the prelude to succeeding events, we must pronounce it to be the most glorious of our history, for the numbers engaged and the defences made use of.

If we except that of New Orleans, no parallel is to be found to it in the extent of impression produced upon the enemy. But there time had been afforded for maturing the works, which were constructed under the superintendence of skilful engineers, and extended under a position that could not be outflanked. Twelve hours only were gained for those on Breed's Hill, formed, during a great part of the time, under a heavy fire from the enemy's ships, a number of floating batteries, beside fortifications which poured upon them an incessant shower of shot and shells, and left incomplete, owing to the intolerable cannonade.





SIR GUY CARLETON.

ATTACK ON QUEBEC.

It became necessary for the preservation of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, that the conquests should be carried further into Canada, as the Governor of that province, Sir Guy Carleton, was believed to be forming an invasion of the north-western frontier. The command of the expedition intended for this service was deputed to Generals Schuyler and Montgomery. An address was issued by the former in which it was stated that his commands



were to cherish every Canadian, and every friend to the cause of liberty, and to hold their property sacred.

About one thousand Americans, on the 10th of September, 1775, landed at St. John, the first British post in Canada, one hundred and fifteen miles north of Ticonderoga; but it was soon found advisable to retreat to Isle-aux-Noir, twelve miles south of St. Johns, from which place General Schuyler set out for Ticonderoga, on account of sickness leaving General Montgomery in the command.

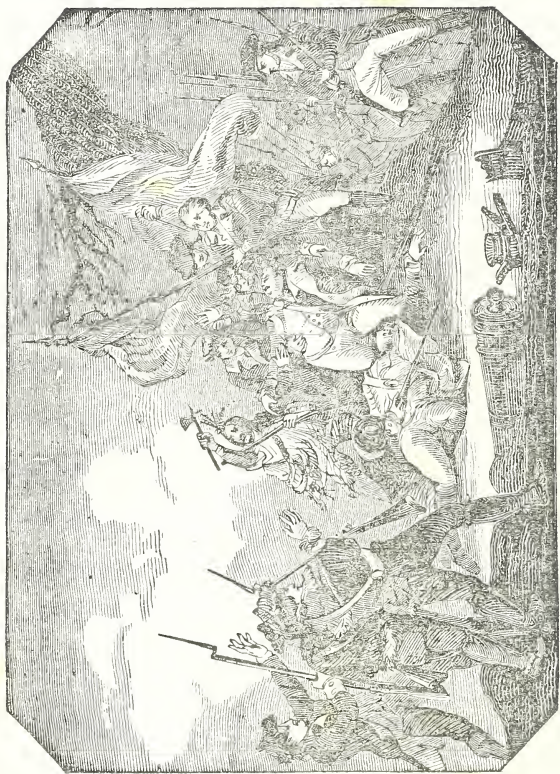
Montgomery soon returned to the neighborhood of St. John and began a siege; he took Fort Chamblee, and found therein six tons of powder, which enabled him to press the siege vigorously. Carlton advanced with eight hundred men against him, but was met, and driven back by Colonel Harmer with three hundred "Green Mountain boys." The garrison of St. Johns, was forced to come to terms, and Montgomery marched to Montreal. While these events were transpiring at St. Johns Colonel Ethan Allen was made prisoner by the British near Montreal, together with about thirty eight of his men. He was sent to England, loaded with irons and cruelly treated to stand his trial as a rebel.

General Prescott, together with several officers and one hundred and twenty privates, were made prisoners, and eleven armed vessels, with all their contents, fell into the

hands of the Americans, under Montgomery at Montreal, Sir Guy Carleton, however, fled to Quebec, whither he was followed by Montgomery who speedily arrived before the town.

In the meantime, Arnold had been despatched by General Washington by way of the Kennebec river, and the wilderness lying between the settlements in Maine and the St. Lawrence river to Quebec; and that officer began his march on the 13th of September with eleven hundred men. They were composed chiefly of New England infantry, and contained a company of artillery. Arnold after a march of six weeks, arrived in Canada, and encamped on the 9th of November on Point Levi, near Quebec. Had he made an immediate attack, the town might have been taken; but the boats necessary in order to cross the river could not be procured. Great efforts were made by the English and Canadians to save the town, and reinforcements having been received, a vigorous defence was promised. Arnold crossed the St. Lawrence on the 14th of November, and ascended the heights of Abraham; but as by this time the defendants were more numerous than their assailants, Arnold thought it best to retire to Point aux Trembles, twenty miles above Quebec, and there wait for Montgomery, who, with three hundred men, joined him on the first of December.

Montgomery now marched directly against Quebec, and



DEATH OF MONTGOMERY.



GENERAL MORGAN.

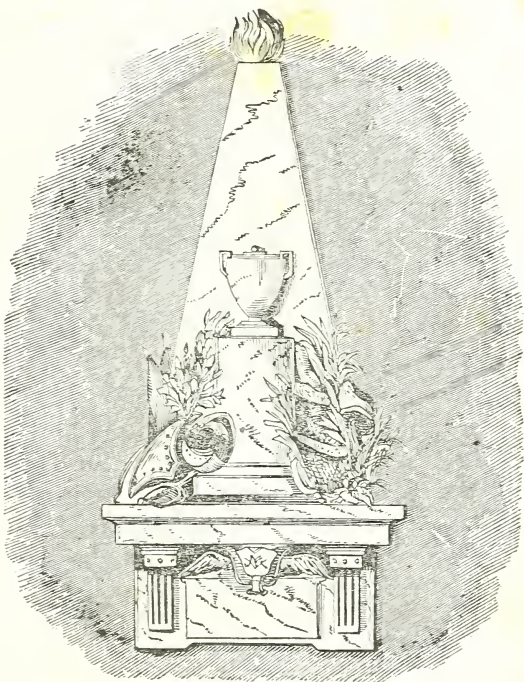
commenced a siege. As his artillery was too light to be of any service, it was determined to carry the place by storm. Two feigned attacks were made on the upper town by Majors Brown and Livingston, whilst Montgomery and Arnold made two real attacks. This took place on the 31st day of December.

Montgomery, at first met with success, while advancing

along the banks of the St. Lawrence, and the battery was deserted by all the enemy, except two or three persons, one of whom, in retiring, applied a slow match to one of the guns and fired it. Casual as this shot appears, it was fatal. Montgomery and his staff were within forty paces of the piece; and that gallant General, with his aid, Captain William Pherson, and Captain Cheesman, with the orderly sergeant and private, were all killed upon the spot, Colonel Campbell on whom the command devolved precipitately retreated, with the rest of the division.

In the meantime Arnold, with three hundred and fifty men, made an attack on the other side; but he was wounded by a musket ball in the leg, and was borne from the field. Captain Morgan, with a company of Virginia riflemen, pressed forward and took the battery. Morgan formed his men, but from the total darkness, and ignorance of the town, he was unable to proceed. He was however, soon joined by Lieutenant Colonel Green and other officers, and his force increased to two hundred men. They were attacked by the garrison at daylight, and after sustaining the whole force of the army for three hours they were compelled to surrender.

Colonel Morgan here laid the foundation of that fame, that throughout the revolution, was so materially increased. In losing General Montgomery, the country lost one whose services would, doubtless, have proved very valuable. He



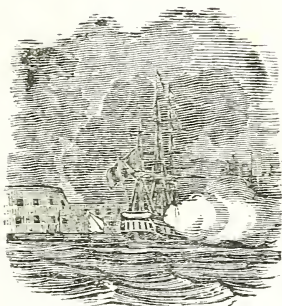
MONUMENT OF MONTGOMERY, AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH
NEW YORK.

was born in Ireland, and gained much distinction in our late war with France, at the close of which he married and settled in New York. He espoused the cause of America at the commencement of the revolution and gained the confidence of the whole army. He was greatly beloved among his private friends, and enjoyed a large share of

public esteem. His death was considered a greater loss to the American cause, than all the others with which it was accompanied.

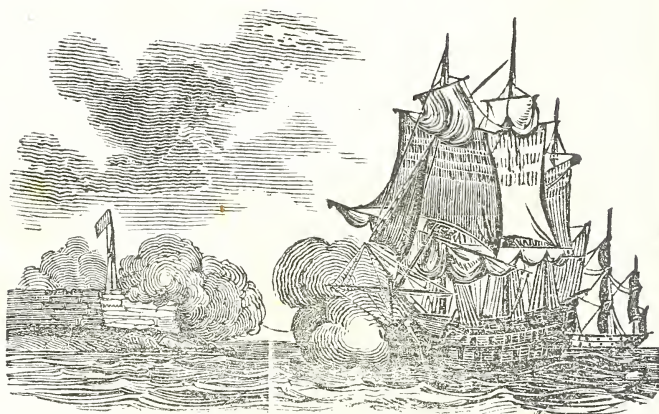
The subsequent events of this expedition against Canada, are of little interest. A succession of disasters and blunders on the part of the American commanders terminated in a retreat from Canada and the abandonment of the project.





ATTACK ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

THE enterprize of reducing the southern colonies, was committed to General Clinton and Sir Peter Parker; who, having formed a junction at Cape Fear, concluded to attempt the reduction of Charleston. For that place they accordingly sailed, with two thousand eight hundred land forces; and, crossing Charleston bar on the 4th of June, anchored about three miles from Sullivan's Island. Every exertion had been previously made to put the colony, and especially its capital, in a posture of defence. Works had been erected on Sullivan's Island, which lies about

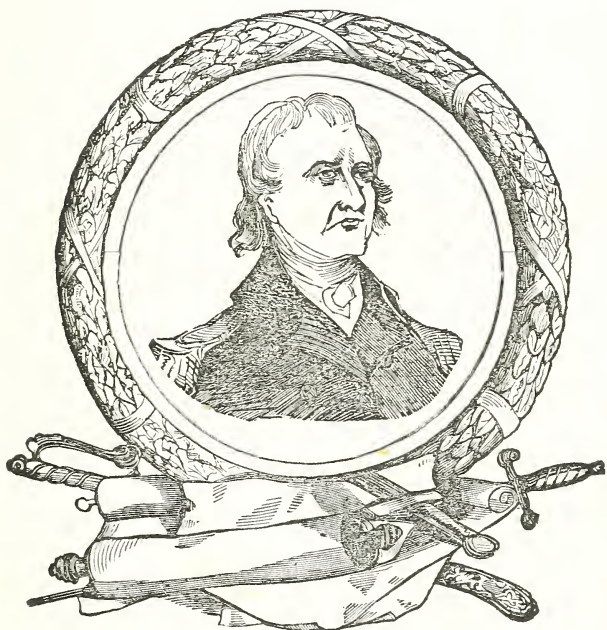


ATTACK ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

three miles from Sullivan's Island. Every exertion had been previously made to put the colony, and especially its capital, in a posture of defence. Works had been erected on Sullivan's Island, which lies about six miles below Charleston towards the sea, and so near the channel, as to be a convenient post for annoying ships when approaching the town. The militia of the country now repaired in great numbers to Charleston; and at this juncture Major-General Lee, who had been appointed by Congress to the immediate command of all the forces in the southern department, arrived with the regular troops of the northern colonies. On the 28th of June, Sir Peter Parker attacked the fort on Sullivan's Island, with fifty gun ships,



ADMIRAL PARKER.



COLONEL MOULTRIE.

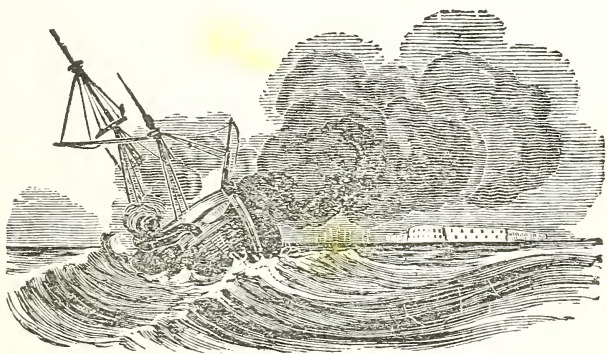
four frigates of twenty-eight guns, the Sphynx of twenty guns, the Friendship armed vessel of twenty-two guns, and the Ranger sloop and the Thunder bomb, each of eight guns. On the fort there were mounted twenty-six cannon, with which the garrison, consisting of three hundred and seventy-five regulars and a few militia, under the command of Colonel Moultrie, made a most gallant defence. The attack commenced between ten and eleven in the morning,

and was continued upwards of ten hours. The flag-staff of the fort being shot away very early in the action, Sergeant Jasper leaped down upon the beach, took up the flag, and, regardless of the incessant firing of the shipping, mounted and placed it on the rampart.

Three of the ships, advancing about twelve o'clock to attack the western wing of the fort, became entangled with a shoal; to which providential incident the preservation of the garrison is ascribed. At half past nine, the firing on both sides ceased; and soon after the ships slipped their cables. In this action, the deliberate well-directed fire of the garrison exceedingly shattered the ships; and the killed and wounded exceeded two hundred men. The loss of the garrison was only ten men killed and twenty-two wounded. Though many thousand shot were fired from the shipping, yet the works were but little damaged. The fort being built of palmetto, a tree indigenous to Carolina, of a remarkably spongy nature, the shot which struck it were merely buried in the wood, without shivering it. Hardly a hut or a tree on the island escaped. The thanks of Congress were given to General Lee, and to Colonels Thomson and Moultrie, for their good conduct on this memorable day; and the fort, in compliment to the commanding officer, was from that time, called Fort Moultrie.

The victory at Sullivan's island was of immense impor-

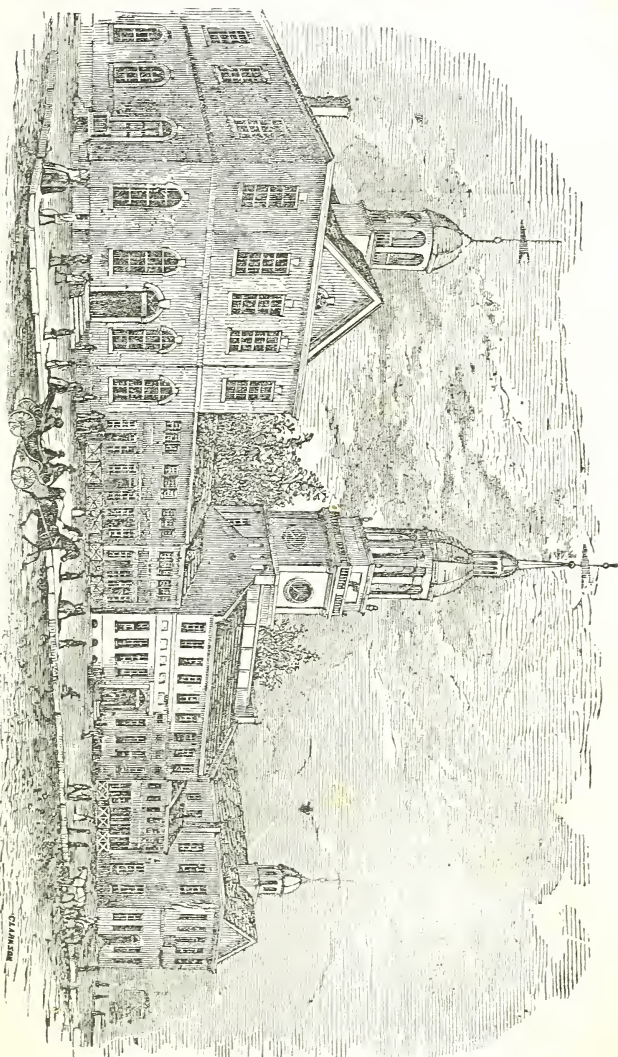
lance to the cause of liberty. It saved the southern country from the horrors of war for several years. When the British at length invaded South Carolina and Georgia, the capture of Burgoyne had already been effected and the alliance with France entered into; and the well directed exertions of Greene, aided by Marion, Sumpter and the other partisan leaders speedily effected the expulsion of the enemy from the South and prepared for the capture of Cornwallis and his army.





THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

As the colonies had so long submitted to oppression from the mother country, it was deemed advisable to declare themselves a free and independent people. Accordingly, on the 7th of June, 1776, the great question of independence was brought directly before Congress, by Richard Henry Lee, one of the delegates from Virginia. He submitted a resolution, declaring "that the united colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

dissolved." The resolution was postponed until the next day, and every member enjoined to attend, to take the same into consideration. On the 8th it was debated in committee of the whole house. No question of greater magnitude was ever presented to the consideration of a deliberative body, or debated with more energy, eloquence, and ability. On the 10th it was adopted in committee, by a bare majority. The delegates from Pennsylvania and Maryland were instructed to oppose it, and the delegates from some of the other colonies were without special instructions on the subject. To give time for greater unanimity, the resolution was postponed in the house until the 1st of July. In the meantime, a committee was appointed to prepare a declaration of independence. During this interval, measures were taken to procure the assent of all the colonies.

On the day appointed, the resolution relating to independence was resumed in the general Congress, referred to a committee of the whole house, and assented to by all the colonies, except Pennsylvania and Delaware. The committee appointed to prepare a declaration of independence selected Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson as a subcommittee, and the original draft, was made by Mr. Jefferson. This draft, without any amendment by the committee, was reported to congress, and, after undergoing several amendments, received their sanction.



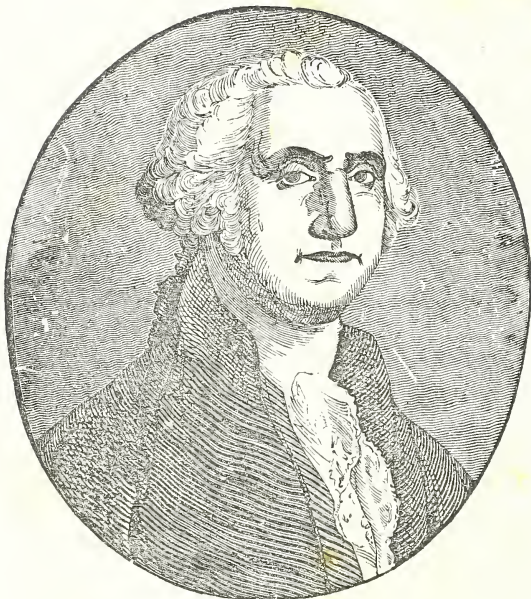
JOHN HANCOCK.

The course of time has now brought us to the decisive hour when a new empire, of a character the most extraordinary, springs into being. The world has known no rest since this grand confederacy took her rank among the nations of the earth; her example infused a power into the principles of liberty which for nearly two centuries had been dormant; although in another hemisphere, it has exercised more influence on the state of the public mind in Europe than did the great struggle in the days of the commonwealth; and the world will know no rest more,

till, under whatever form, the great lessons of freedom which American history enforces, have been listened to, and embodied in action, by every nation of the globe.

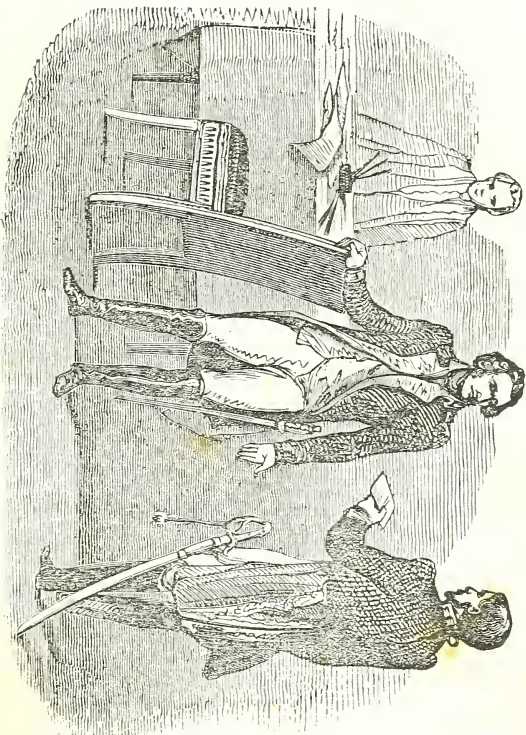
The Declaration was read from the door of the State House in Philadelphia, on the 4th of July, 1776, and received with shouts of congratulation, and the ringing of bells, and firing of cannon,—tokens of rejoicing, which, according to a prediction of the celebrated John Adams, have been repeated annually to the present day. The hall in which congress was then assembled, was thenceforward called Independence Hall, and the public square, in which the Americans first assembled to hear the charter of freedom read, still retains the name of Independence Square.

When the Declaration had been passed and proclaimed it was engrossed on parchment, and signed by each member of Congress. Fac Similies of their signatures have been published, and the bold, manly writing of John Hancock, the president, at the head of the list, is indicative of his character. When Charles Carroll wrote his name, some one remarked that he might escape the penalties of treason after all, as there were several of his name. The patriot instantly added “of Carrollton,” and thus individualized, his name will go down to the latest posterity.



FIRMNESS OF WASHINGTON.

AFTER the arrival of Sir William Howe, in June, 1776, and before commencing hostile operations, he despatched a circular letter, with a declaration, to the principal magistrates of all the colonies, acquainting them that he had been empowered to act as a commissioner of peace, and desiring that the same might be published for the information of the people.



WASHINGTON DECLINING TO RECEIVE GENERAL HOWE'S LETTER.

The declaration and letters were forwarded by Congress to General Washington, and ordered to be published in the several newspapers, in order that the inhabitants might know the views of the commissioners, and the terms, with the hope of which the British ministry had endeavored to amuse and disarm them; and if there were any who were undecided, as to what course they should pursue, they might be convinced, that the valor of their countrymen could alone save their liberties.

A letter was despatched with a flag to New York, addressed to "George Washington Esq." The general declined receiving it, not being directed to him with the title and style, suitable to his station. He was applauded by Congress for acting with becoming dignity, and all the officers were directed not to receive any letters or messages that were not addressed to them according to their respective ranks.

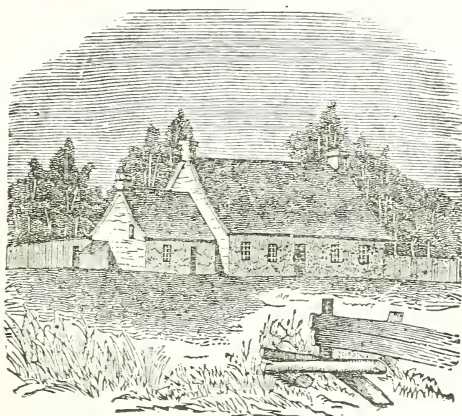
Adjutant-General Patterson was next sent with a letter addressed to "George Washington, &c., &c., &c.," He was exempted from being blindfolded, as usual in passing through fortifications, and was received by the general with the greatest politeness; but, notwithstanding all this envoy could offer, the *et ceteras* would not remove the impediments to the correspondence attempted. It was true, the general told him "the *et ceteras* imply everything but it is no less true, that they imply anything."

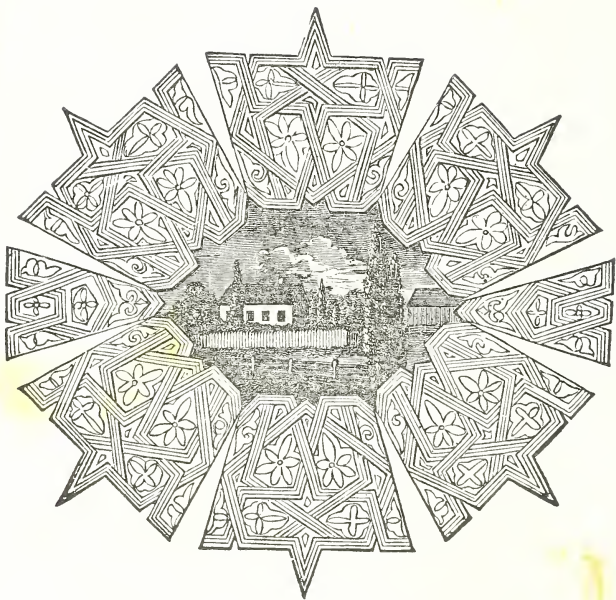
This affair displayed the character of the general's temper, and that he was ever firm and guarded, in adhering to the line of conduct he had once adopted. A conference now ensued on the subject of prisoners, both sides having complaints to make relative to the treatment they received. On the adjutant stating that the commissioners were entrusted with great powers, the general answered, "their powers, are only to grant pardons. They who have committed no fault, want no pardon. The Americans are only defending what they think their indisputable rights." Thus ended a conference, from which it was evident, that all future attempts at conciliation would prove vain. The adjutant throughout the whole interview addressed the general as "Excellency," and behaved with great politeness and deference.

The firmness of Washington was displayed not less conspicuously in many other trying scenes of the revolutionary war. So well was this trait in his character understood, that throughout the whole contest the representatives of the people, in congress, placed more dependence on him than on themselves. He was the bulwark of our liberties. He was appealed to, and his advice taken by congress in all great emergencies. He was, in point of fact, dictator, at all times, until he set the noble example of resigning his commission into the hands of

congress at Annapolis when the great struggle had finally terminated.

At one time, towards the close of the war, certain officers of the army were desirous to make him king, and sustain him by means of the army; but his patriotism was incorruptible. He indignantly refused the offer; and when the army was to be disbanded, his personal influence was successfully exerted in inducing the soldiers to return to their homes unpaid, without any scenes of violence or discontent.





GENERAL LEE'S HEAD QUARTERS AT BASKING RIDGE.

CAPTURE OF GENERAL LEE.

GREAT obstacles had to be encountered in recruiting for the American service, and a new occurrence increased this difficulty. High opinions were entertained of the military talents of General Charles Lee, by the friends of Congress, arising from his success in the defence of Charlestown.

While Washington was retreating through the Jerseys,



GENERAL SULLIVAN.

(after the battle of White Plains,) he specially desired Lee, who had been left at North Castle, to hasten his march to the Delaware, and join the main army. Notwithstanding the momentous condition of affairs, and the earnest orders of his superior, Lee seemed in no haste to obey.

He was reluctant to give up his separate command, and subject himself to superior authority; he therefore marched slowly southward, at the head of about three thousand men. His tardy movements, and unwary conduct, how-

ever, proved fatal to his own personal liberty, and created a lively sensation throughout America.

He lay carelessly, without a guard, three miles from his troops, at Basking Ridge, in Morris county, where, on the 13th of December, Colonel Harcourt, who, with a small detachment of light horse, had been commissioned to watch the motions of that division of the American army, by a gallant act of partisan warfare, made him prisoner, and conveyed him rapidly to New York.

Here he was for some time closely confined, and treated, not as a prisoner of war, but as a deserter from the British service, because he had entered the American service, before his resignation of his commission in the British army had been accepted. His capture was considered a great misfortune by the Americans, whose confidence and esteem he enjoyed; the British on the contrary, exulted in his capture, as equal to a victory, declaring that "they had taken the American palladium." Sullivan was appointed to the command of Lee's division, and joined the main army.



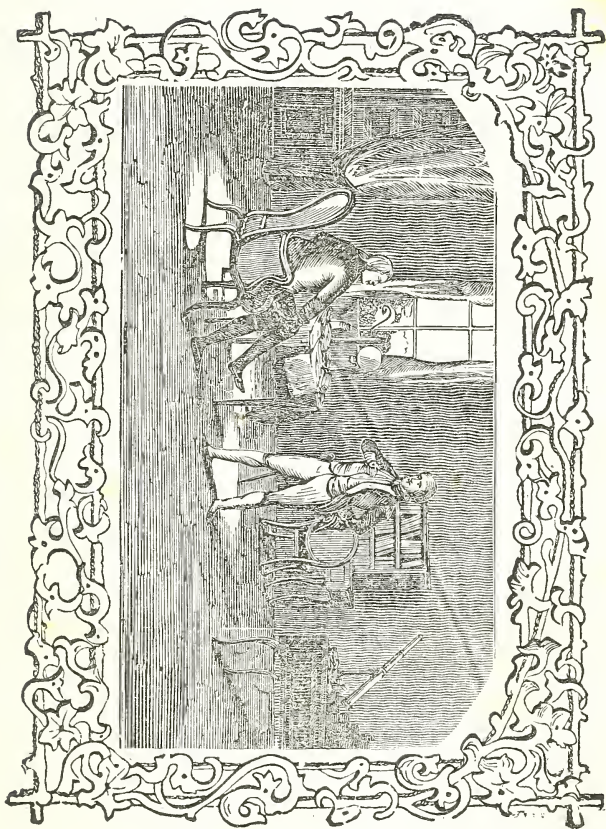
CAPTURE OF GENERAL PRESCOTT.

IN the month of November, 1776, as already stated, Major General Lee was surprised and taken prisoner by a detachment of British troops. With a view to procure the exchange of General Lee, William Barton, then a Major in the Rhode Island line, in the service of the continental Congress, and one of the most daring and patriotic soldiers of the revolution, projected the bold and adventurous expedition which is the subject of the following narrative.

Some months had elapsed after the capture of General

Lee, before an opportunity offered of effecting the object which Major Barton had in view. In the month following that of the capture of General Lee, the enemy took possession of the islands of Rhode Island, Cannonicut, and Prudence. Major Barton was then stationed at Tiverton, and for some months anxiously watched the motions of the enemy, with but feeble prospect of obtaining the opportunity he desired.

At length, on the 20th of June, 1777, a man by the name of Coffin, who made his escape from the British, was seized by some of the American troops and carried to Major Barton's quarters. Major Barton availed himself of the opportunity to inquire respecting the disposition of the British forces.—Coffin on examination, stated that Major General Richard Prescott had established his head quarters on the west side of Rhode Island, and described minutely the situation of the house in which he resided, which he said was owned by a Mr. Pering. His account was a few days after corroborated by a deserter from the ranks of the enemy. Major Barton was now confirmed in his belief of the practicability of effecting his favorite object:—but serious obstacles were first to be encountered and removed. Neither his troops, nor their commander, had been long inured to service; and the intended enterprise was of a nature as novel as it was hazardous. Besides, Major Barton was aware that the undertaking,



MAJOR BARTON EXAMINING COFFIN.

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should it prove unsuccessful, would be pronounced rash and unadvised, and, in its consequences, though his life might be preserved, be followed by degradation and disgrace. Moreover, to involve in the consequences of an enterprise, devised and undertaken without previous consultation with his superiors in rank, the interest, and perhaps the lives of a portion of his brave countrymen, was a subject that excited reflections calculated to damp the ardor and appal the courage of the bravest minds. Still, however, upon mature reflection, aided by a consciousness that its only motive was the interest of his country, he resolved to hazard both his reputation and his life in the attempt.

The regiment to which Major Barton was attached, was commanded by Colonel Stanton, a respectable and wealthy farmer in Rhode Island, who, in the spirit of the times, had abandoned the culture of his farm and the care of his family, and put at hazard his property and his life in defence of his country. To this gentleman, Major Barton communicated his plan, and solicited permission to carry it into execution. Colonel Stanton readily authorized him "to attack the enemy when and where he pleased." Several officers in the confidence of Major Barton, were then selected from the regiment for the intended expedition, on whose abilities and bravery he could rely: —these were, Captain Samuel Phillips, Lieutenant

Joshua Babcock, Ensign Andrew Stanton, and John Wilcock. (Captain—Adams subsequently volunteered his services, and took an active part in the enterprise.) These gentlemen were informed by Major Barton, that he had in contemplation an enterprise which would be attended with great personal hazard to himself and his associates; but which, if success attended it, would be productive of much advantage to the country. Its particular object, he stated would be seasonably disclosed to them. It was at their option to accept or decline his invitation to share with him in the dangers, and, as he trusted, in the glory that would attend the undertaking. The personal bravery of Major Barton had been previously tested; and such was the confidence and esteem which he had acquired among the officers under his command, that without insisting upon a previous developement of his plans, his proposal was immediately accepted. Major Barton experienced more difficulty in obtaining the necessary number of boats, as there were but two boats in the vicinity. But this difficulty, though it caused a few days' delay, was at length obviated, and five whale boats were procured and fitted for service. Major Barton had deferred procuring the necessary number of men until the last moment, from an apprehension that their earlier selection might excite suspicion, and defeat the object of their enterprise. Desirous that this little band might be

composed entirely of volunteers, the whole regiment was now ordered on parade. In a short, but animated address, Major Barton informed the soldiers that he projected an expedition against the enemy, which could be effected only by the heroism and bravery of those who should attend him; that he desired the voluntary assistance of about forty of their number, and directed those "who would hazard their lives in the enterprise, to advance two paces in front." Without one exception, or a moment's hesitation, the whole regiment advanced. Major Barton, after bestowing upon the troops the applause they merited, and stating that he required the aid of but a small portion of their number, commenced upon the right, and passing along the lines, selected from the regiment to the number of thirty-six, those who united to bravery and discipline a competent knowledge of seamanship, for the management of the boats. Having thus obtained an adequate number of officers and men, and every thing being ready, the party on the 4th of July, 1777, embarked from Tiverton for Bristol. While crossing Mount Hope Bay, there arose a severe storm of thunder and rain, which separated three boats from that of their commander. The boat containing Major Barton, and one other, arrived at Bristol soon after midnight. Major Barton proceeded to the quarters of the commanding officer, where he found a deserter who had just made his

escape from the enemy at Rhode Island. From this man he learned that there had been no alteration for the last few days in the position of the British.

On the morning of the 5th, the remaining boats having arrived, Major Barton, with his officers, went to Hog Island, not far distant from Bristol, and within view of the British encampments and shipping. It was at this place that he disclosed to his officers the particular object of the enterprise, his reasons for attempting it, and the part each was to perform. Upon reconnoitering the position of the enemy, it was thought impracticable, without great hazard of capture, to proceed directly from Bristol to the head quarters of the British General. It was determined, therefore, to make Warwick Neck, a place opposite to the British encampment, but at a greater distance than Bristol, the point from which they should depart immediately for Rhode Island. The closest secrecy was enjoined upon his officers by Major Barton, and they retired to Bristol. On the evening of the 6th, about nine o'clock, the little squadron again sailed, and crossing Narraganset Bay, landed on Warwick Neck. On the 7th, the wind changing to E. N. E. brought on a storm, and retarded their plan. On the 9th, the weather being pleasant, it was determined to embark for the island. The boats were now numbered, and the place of every officer and soldier assigned. At nine o'clock in the evening, Major Barton

assembled his little party around him, and in a short but spirited address, in which were mingled the feelings of the soldier and the man, he disclosed to them the object of the enterprise. He did not attempt to conceal the danger and difficulties that would inevitably attend the undertaking; nor did he forget to remind them, that should their efforts be attended with success, they would be entitled to and would receive, the grateful acknowledgements of their country. "It is probable," said he "that some of us may not survive the daring attempt; but I ask of you to hazard no dangers which will not be shared with you by your commander; and I pledge to you my honor, that in every difficulty and danger I will take the lead." He received the immediate and unanimous assurance of the whole party, that they would follow wherever their commander should lead them. Major Barton then reminding them how much the success of the enterprise depended upon their strict attention to orders, directed that each individual should confine himself to his particular seat in the boat assigned him, and that not a syllable should be uttered by any one. He instructed them, as they regarded their character as patriots and soldiers, that in the hour of danger they should be firm, collected, and resolved fearlessly to encounter the dangers and difficulties that might assail them. He concluded by offering his earnest petition to the Great King of Armies,

that he would smile upon their intended enterprise, and crown it with success. The whole party now proceeded to shore.—Major Barton had reason to apprehend that he might be discovered in his passage from the main to Rhode Island, by some of the ships of war that lay at a small distance from shore. He therefore directed the commanding officer at Warwick Neck, that if he heard the report of three distinct muskets, to send boats to the north end of Prudence Island to his aid. The whole party now took possession of the boats in the manner directed. That which contained Major Barton was posted in front, with a pole about ten feet long fixed in her stern, to the end of which was attached a handkerchief, in order that his boat might be distinguished from the others, and that none might go before it. In this manner they proceeded between the Islands of Prudence and Patience, in order that they might not be seen by the shipping of the enemy that lay off against Hope Island. While passing the north end of Prudence Island, they heard from the sentinels on board the shipping of the enemy, the cry of “all’s well.” As they approached the shore of Rhode Island, a noise like the running of horses was heard, which threw a momentary consternation over the minds of the whole party; but in strict conformity to the orders issued, not a word was spoken by any one. A moment’s reflection satisfied Major Barton of the utter impossibility that his design





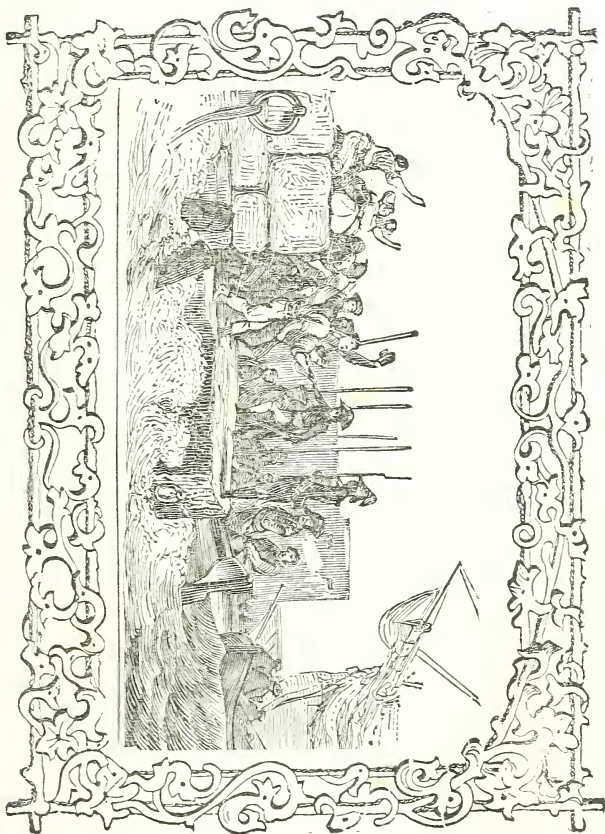
could be known by the enemy, and he pushed boldly for the shore. Apprehensive that if discovered, the enemy might attempt to cut off his retreat, Major Barton ordered one man to remain in each boat, and be prepared to depart at a moment's warning. The remainder of the party landed without delay. The reflections of Major Barton at this interesting moment, were of a nature the most painful. The lapse of a few hours would place him in a situation in the highest degree gratifying to his ambition or overwhelm him in the ruin in which his rashness would involve him. In the solemn silence of night, and on the shores of the enemy, he paused a moment to consider a plan which had been projected and matured amidst the bustle of a camp and in a place of safety. The night was exceedingly dark, and a stranger to the country, his sole reliance upon a direct and rapid movement to the headquarters of a British General, so essential to success, rested upon the imperfect information he had acquired from deserters from the enemy! Should he surprise and secure General Prescott, he was aware of the difficulties that would attend his conveyance to the boat; the probability of an early and fatal discovery of his designs by the troops upon the island; and even if he should succeed in reaching the boats, it was by no means improbable that the alarm might be seasonably given to the shipping, to prevent his retreat to the main. But regardless of cir-

cumstances, which even then would have afforded an apology for a hasty retreat, he resolved at all hazards to attempt the accomplishment of his designs.

To the head quarters of General Prescott, about a mile from the shore, a party in five divisions now proceeded in silence. There was a door on the south, the east and west sides of the house in which he resided. The first division was ordered to advance upon the south door, the second the west, and the third the east, the fourth to guard the road, and the fifth to act on emergencies. In their march, they passed the guard house of the enemy, on their left, and on their right a house occupied by a company of cavalry, for the purpose of carrying with expedition the orders of the General to remote parts of the island. On arriving at the head quarters of the enemy, as the gate of the front yard was opened, they were challenged by a sentinel on guard. The party was at the distance of twenty-five yards from the sentinel, but a row of trees partially concealed them from his view, and prevented him from determining their number. No reply was made to the challenge of the sentinel, and the party proceeded on in silence. The sentinel again demanded, "Who comes there."

"Friends," replied Barton.

"Friends," says the sentinel, "advance and give the countersign."



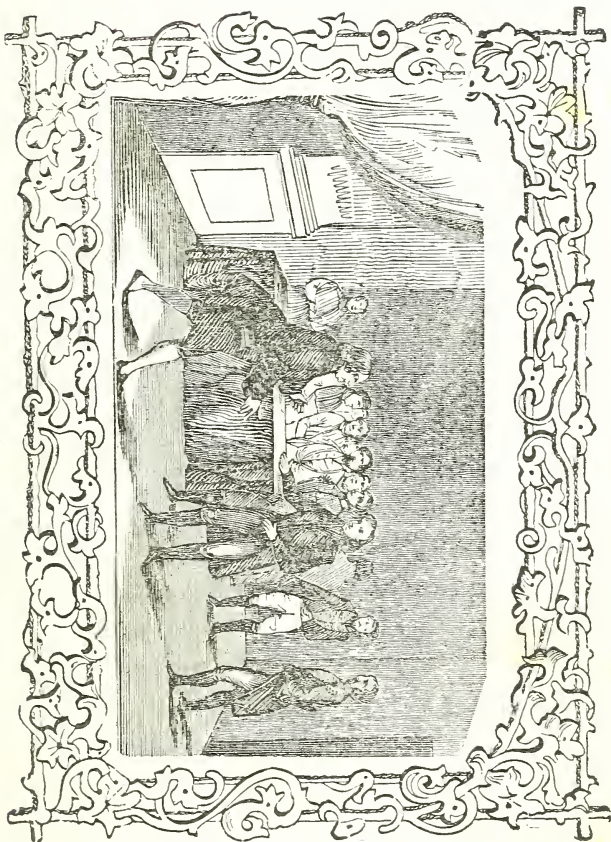
RETURN OF BARTON'S PARTY WITH THEIR PRISONERS.

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Major Barton affecting to be angry, said to the sentinel who was now near him, "Damn you, we have no counter-sign—have you seen any rascals to-night?" and before the sentinel could determine the character of those who approached him, Major Barton had seized his musket, told him he was a prisoner, and threatened, in case of noise or resistance, to put him to instant death. The poor fellow was so terrified, that upon being demanded if his General was in the house, he was for some time unable to give an answer. At length in a faltering voice, he replied that he was. By this time each division having taken its station, the south door was burst open by the direction of Major Barton, and the division there stationed, with their commander at their head, rushed into the head quarters of the General. At this critical moment, one of the British soldiers effected his escape, and fled to the quarters of the main guard. This man had no article of clothing upon him but a shirt; and having given the alarm to the sentinel on duty, passed on to the quarters of the cavalry, which was more remote from the head quarters of the General. The sentinel roused the main guard who were instantly in arms, and demanded the cause of alarm. He stated the information which had been given him by the soldier, which appeared so incredible to the sergeant of the guard that he insisted that he had seen a ghost. The sentinel, to whom to whom the account of the General's

capture appeared quite as incredible as to his commanding officer, admitted that the messenger was clothed in white; and after submitting to the jokes of his companions, as a punishment for his credulity, was ordered to resume his station, while the remainder of the guard retired to their quarters. It was fortunate for Major Barton and his brave followers, that the alarm given by the soldier was considered groundless. Had the main guard proceeded without delay to the relief of their commanding General, his rescue certainly, and probably the destruction of the party, would have been the consequence.

The first room Major Barton entered was occupied by Mr. Pering, who positively denied that General Prescott was in the house. He next entered the room of his son, who was equally obstinate with his father in denying that the General was there. Major Barton then proceeded to other apartments, but was still disappointed in the object of his search. Aware that a longer delay might defeat the object of his enterprise, Major Barton resorted to stratagem to facilitate his search. Placing himself at the head of the stairway, and declaring his resolution to secure the General dead or alive, he ordered his soldiers to set fire to the house.—The soldiers were preparing to execute his orders, when a voice, which Major Barton at once suspected to be the General's, demanded what's the matter? Major Barton rushed to the apartment from





whence the noise proceeded, and discovered an elderly man just rising from his bed, and clapping his hand upon his shoulder, demanded of him if he was not General Prescott.

He answered "Yes, sir."

"You are my prisoner, then," said Major Barton.

"I acknowledge that I am," said the General.

In a moment, General Prescott found himself half dressed, in the arms of the soldiers, who hurried him from the house. In the mean time Major Barrington, the Aid to General Prescott, discovering that the house was attacked by the Rebels, as he termed them, leaped from the window of his bed-chamber, and was immediately secured a prisoner. General Prescott, supported by Major Barton and one of his officers, and attended by Major Barrington and the sentinel, proceeded, surrounded by the soldiery, to the shore. Upon seeing the five little boats, General Prescott, who knew the position of the British shipping, appeared much confused, and turning to Major Barton, inquired if he commanded the party. On being informed that he did, he expressed a hope that no personal injury was intended him; and Major Barton assured the General of his protection, while he remained under his control.

The General had travelled from head quarters to the shore in his waistcoat, small-clothes and slippers. A moment was now allowed him to complete his dress, while

the party were taking possession of the boats. The General was placed in the boat with Major Barton, and they proceeded for the main.

They had not got far from the island, when the discharge of cannon and three sky-rockets gave the signal for alarm. It was fortunate for the party that the enemy on board the shipping were ignorant of the cause of it, who might have easily cut off their retreat. The signal of alarm excited the apprehensions of Major Barton and his brave associates, and redoubled their exertions to reach the point of their destination before they could be discovered. They succeeded, and soon after day-break landed at Warwick Neck, near the point of their departure, after an absence of six hours and a half.

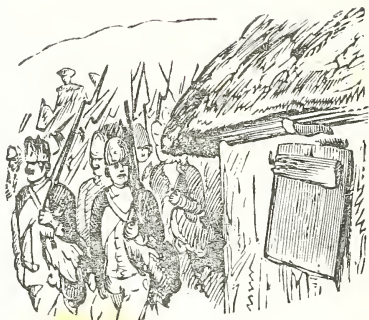
General Prescott turned toward the island, and observing the ships of war, remarked to Major Barton, "Sir, you have made a bold push to-night."

"We have been fortunate," replied the hero.

An express was immediately sent forward to Major-General Spencer, to convey General Prescott and his aide-camp prisoners to Providence. They were accompanied by Major Barton, who related to General Spencer, on their arrival, the particulars of the enterprise, and received from that officer the most grateful acknowledgements for the signal service he had rendered to his country.

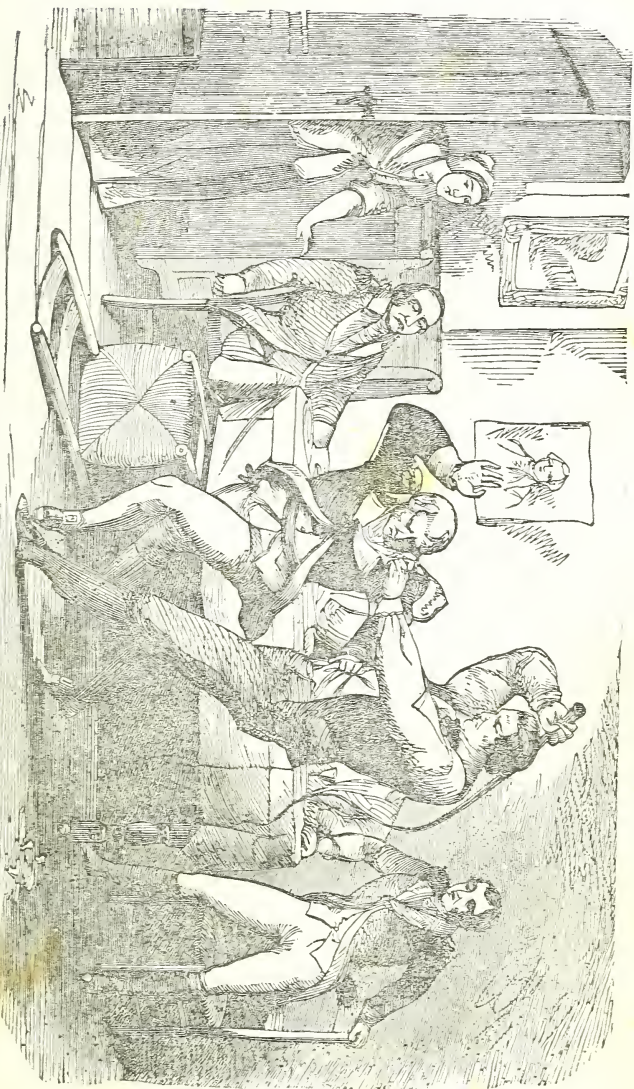
This adventure of Major Barton was well conceived and most gallantly executed. General Prescott however appears to have been a prize of no great value. His name was not signalized in history and the anecdote which follows shows that he did not even possess the character of a gentleman.





GENERAL PRESCOTT WHIPPED.

THE British General Prescott, who was captured at his quarters on Rhode Island by Colonel Barton, being on his route through the State of Connecticut, called at a tavern to dine. The landlady furnished the table with a dish of suckatash, boiled corn and beans. The General being unaccustomed to such kind of food, with much warmth exclaimed, "What! do you treat us with the food of hogs?" and, taking the dish from the table, strewed the contents over the floor. The landlord being informed of this, soon entered, and with his horse whip, gave the General a severe chastisement. The sequel of this story has been communicated by a gentleman at Nantucket,

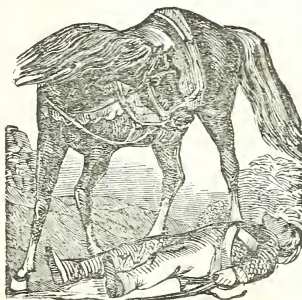


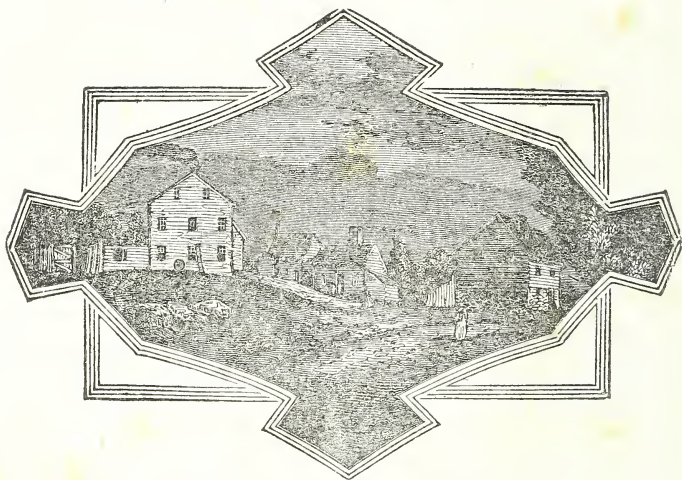


who retains a perfect recollection of all the circumstances. After General Prescott was exchanged and restored to his command on the Island, the Indians of Nantucket deputed William Rotch, Doctor Tupper, and Timothy Folger to negotiate some concerns with him in behalf of the town. They were for some time refused admittance to his presence, but the doctor and Folger overcame the opposition, and ushered themselves into the room. Prescott raged and stormed with great vehemence, until Folger was compelled to withdraw. After the Doctor announced his business, and the General became a little calm, he said, "Was not my treatment to Folger very uncivil?"

The Doctor said yes.

Then said Prescott, "I will tell you the reason: He looked so much like a Connecticut man, that horse-whipped me, that I could not endure his presence."





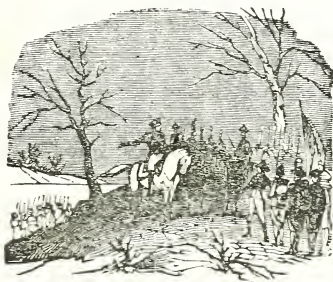
BATTLE GROUND OF TRENTON.

BATTLE OF TRENTON.

WASHINGTON divided his troops into three parts, which were to assemble on the banks of the Delaware on the night of the 25th of December. One of these divisions led by General Irvine, was directed to cross the Delaware at the Trenton Ferry, and secure the bridge below the town, so as to prevent the escape of any part of the enemy by that road. Another Division, led by General Cadwalader, was to cross over at Bristol, and carry the post at Burlington. The third, which was the principal division, and consisted of about two thousand four hundred troops, com-







WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

manded by General Washington in person was to cross at M'Konkey's Ferry, about nine miles above Trenton, and to march against the enemy posted at that town. The night fixed on for the enterprise was severely cold. A storm of snow, mingled with hail and rain, fell in great quantities; and so much ice was made in the river, that the artillery could not be got over until three o'clock; and before the troops could take up their line of march, it was nearly four. The general, who had hoped to throw them all over by twelve o'clock, now despaired of surprising the town; but knowing that he could not repass the river without being discovered and harassed, he determined, at all events, to push forward. He accordingly formed his detachment into two divisions. One of which was to march by the lower or river road, the other, by the upper or Pennington road.

As the distance to Trenton by these two roads was nearly the same time, he ordered each of them, immediately on forcing the out guards, to push directly into the town, that they might charge the enemy before they had time to form. The upper division, accompanied by the General himself, arrived at the enemy's advanced post exactly at eight o'clock, and immediately drove in the outguards. In three minutes, a firing from the division that had taken the river road, gave notice to the general of its arrival.

Colonel Rahl, a very gallant Hessian officer who commanded in Trenton, soon formed his main body to meet the assailants; but at the commencement of the action he received a mortal wound. His troops, at once confused and hard pressed, and having already lost their artillery, attempted to file off by a road on the right leading to Princeton; but General Washington, perceiving their intention, threw a body of troops in their front, which intercepted and assailed them. Finding themselves surrounded, they laid down their arms. About twenty of the enemy were killed and nine hundred and nine, including officers, surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

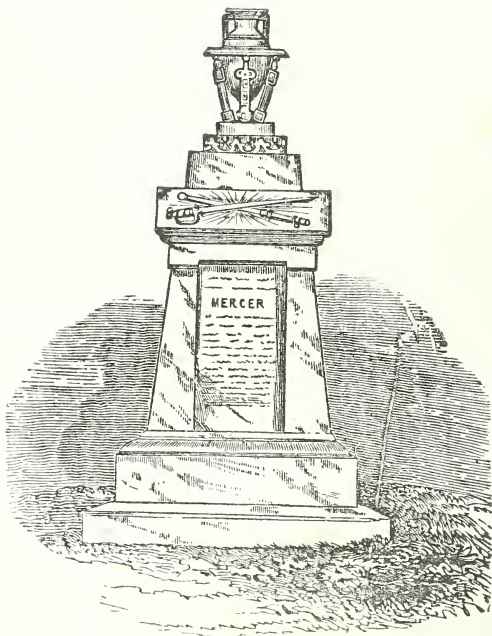
The number of prisoners was soon increased to about one thousand by the addition of those who were concealed in houses. Six field pieces, and one thousand stand of small arms, were also taken. Of the Americans, two privates were wounded. General Irvine being prevented by



GENERAL CADWALADER.

the ice from crossing the Delaware, the lower road towards Bordentown remained open ; and about five hundred of the enemy, stationed in the lower end of Trenton, crossing over the bridge in the commencement of the action, marched down the river to Bordentown. General Cadwalader was prevented from the same cause from attacking the post at Burlington. This well-judged and successful enterprise revived the depressed spirits of the colonists, and produced an immediate and happy effect in recruiting the American army.





MONUMENT TO GENERAL MERCER, AT LAUREL HILL
CEMETERY.

BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

The situation of general Washington was, now, again extremely critical. If he staid in his present position, it was certain he would be attacked, next morning, by a force, in all respects, superior to his own ; and the result would most probably, be the destruction of his little army. If he attempted to retreat over the Delaware, now covered



BATTLE OF PRINCETON AND DEATH OF GENERAL MERCER. 155



with ice, which, in consequence of a few mild and foggy days, was not firm enough to march upon, a considerable loss perhaps a total defeat, would be sustained. In any event, the Jerseys would once more be entirely in possession of the enemy; the public mind would again be depressed, recruiting be discouraged by his apparent inferiority; and Philadelphia would be a second time in the hands of General Howe. It was obvious, that the one event or the other would deduct greatly from the advantages promised by his late success; and, if it should not render the American cause, absolutely desperate, would very essentially injure it.

In this state of things, he formed the bold and judicious design of abandoning the Delaware, and marching silently in the night by a circuitous route, along the left flank of the British army, into their rear at Princeton, where he knew they could not be very strong. After beating them there, he proposed to make a rapid movement to Brunswick, where their baggage and principal magazines lay, under a weak guard.

A council of war having approved this plan, preparations were immediately made for its execution. As soon as it was dark, the baggage was removed silently to Burlington; and about one o'clock in the morning of the third, after renewing their fires, and leaving their guards at the bridge and the other passes over the creek, the army decamped

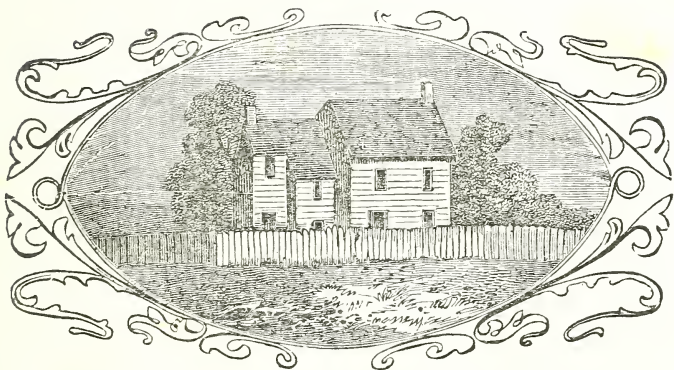
with perfect secrecy, taking the Quaker road to Princeton. Here, three British regiments had encamped the preceding night, two of which commenced their march early in the morning to join the rear of their army at Maidenhead. About sunrise, when they had proceeded about two miles, they saw the Americans advancing on the left, in a direction which would enter the road in their rear. They immediately faced about, and, repassing Stonybrook, moved under cover of a copse of woods towards the Americans, whose van was conducted by General Mercer. A sharp action ensued, which, however, was not of long duration.

The militia, of which the advanced party was principally composed, soon gave way, and the few regulars attached to them were not strong enough to maintain their ground. While gallantly exerting himself to rally his broken troops, General Mercer was mortally wounded, and the van was entirely routed. But the fortune of the day was soon changed. The main body of the army, led by General Washington in person, followed close in the rear, and attacked the enemy with great spirit. Persuaded that defeat would irretrievably ruin the affairs of America, he advanced in the very front of the battle, and exposed himself to the very hottest fire of the enemy. He was so well supported by the same troops who, a few days before, had served at Trenton, that the British, in turn, were compelled to give way.



WASHINGTON LEADING ON THE TROOPS AT PRINCETON. 159





THE HOUSE IN WHICH GENERAL MERCER DIED.

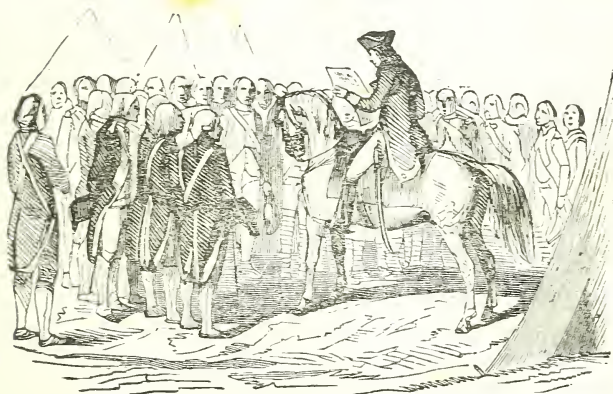
Their line was broken, and the two regiments separated from each other. Colonel Mawhood, who commanded that in front, and who, being, therefore, on the right, was nearest the rear division of the army under Lord Cornwallis, retired to the main road and continued his route to Maidenhead. The fifty-fifth regiment, which was on the British left, being hard pressed, fled in confusion, across the fields and great road, into a back road leading between Hillsborough and Kingston towards Brunswick. The vicinity of the British forces at Maidenhead, secured Colonel Mawhood from pursuit, and general Washington pressed forward to Princeton. The regiment remaining in that place took post in the college, and made some show of resistance; but the artillery being brought up, it was aban-

done, and the greater part of them were made prisoners. Some few saved themselves by a precipitate retreat to Brunswick.

In this action, upwards of one hundred of the British were killed, and near three hundred were taken prisoners. The loss of the Americans in killed were somewhat less, but in this number was included General Mercer, a very valuable officer from Virginia, who had served with the commander-in-chief in the war against the French and Indians, which terminated in 1763, and was greatly esteemed by him. Colonels Haslett and Potter, brave and excellent officers from Delaware and Pennsylvania; Captain Neal of the artillery, Captain Fleming, who on that day commanded the seventh Virginia regiment, and five other valuable officers, were also among the slain.

On the appearance of daylight, Lord Cornwallis discovered that the American army had moved off in the night, and immediately conceived the plan of Washington. He was under extreme apprehension for Brunswick, where were magazines of great value, with the military chest containing about seventy thousand pounds. Breaking up his camp, he commenced a rapid march to that place, for the purpose of affording it protection; and was close in the rear of the American army before it could leave Princeton. But Washington with his almost exhausted army reached Pluckemin in safety, gave his men rest and refreshment,

and then proceeded to Morristown, where he established his winter quarters. Unprovided as his men were with the necessities for a winter campaign, he did not remain idle, but sent out detachments to assail and harass the enemy. In a short time with the aid of the militia of the country, he completely drove the British from all their posts except Brunswick and Amboy. Such were the results of the skill, and vigilance, and consummate Generalship of Washington. The brilliant termination of a campaign which had been considered disastrous and hopeless by the patriots, breathed new life into them and raised their confidence in the ability of the commander-in-chief.



READING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE TO THE
ARMY.



GENERAL LA FAYETTE.

SHORTLY after the commencement of the campaign of 1777, the Marquis de La Fayette arrived on our shores. He will, and ever must be regarded as one of the most noble and disinterested persons whose names adorn the pages of history. Out of pure love for the cause of liberty in which the United States were engaged, he forsook all the comforts and endearments of home, giving no thought to the brilliant destinies which awaited him as one of the first nobles of France, "to plunge in the blood and dust of our inauspicious struggle."

In 1776, at the age of nineteen, he communicated his intention to the American commissioners at Paris, who failed not to encourage it, rightly concluding that the eclat of his departure would be serviceable to their cause. Events, however, occurred which would have deterred from the undertaking a person less decided than the Marquis. News was received in France, that the American army, reduced to two thousand men, had fled towards Philadelphia through the Jerseys, before thirty thousand British troops.

This news so effectually extinguished the little credit heretofore enjoyed by America in Europe, that a vessel could not be procured by the commissioners to forward this nobleman's project.

It was thought by them to be their duty, under these circumstances, to discourage his project, until a change in the condition of American affairs would render it less hazardous. It was in vain, however, that they acted so candid a part. The flame which had been kindled in his breast by the American sons of liberty could not be smothered by their misfortunes. "Hitherto," said he, in an interview with Dr. Franklin, in the true spirit of heroism, "I have only cherished your cause; now I am going to serve it. The lower it is in the opinion of the people, the greater effect my departure will have; and, since you cannot get a vessel, I shall procure and fit out one, to

carry your despatches to Congress, and me to America. He accordingly fitted out a vessel, and meanwhile made a visit to Great Britain, that the part he was about to act might be rendered the more conspicuous.

The French court, could not overlook his conduct, whatever their good wishes were towards America. He was overtaken by an order, forbidding him to proceed to America, and vessels were despatched to the West Indies, in case he was found in that quarter, to have him confined. He acknowledged receipt of the order, but did not obey it; and, keeping clear of the West Indies, he arrived at Charleston, in the spring of 1777, and repaired immediately to the seat of war.

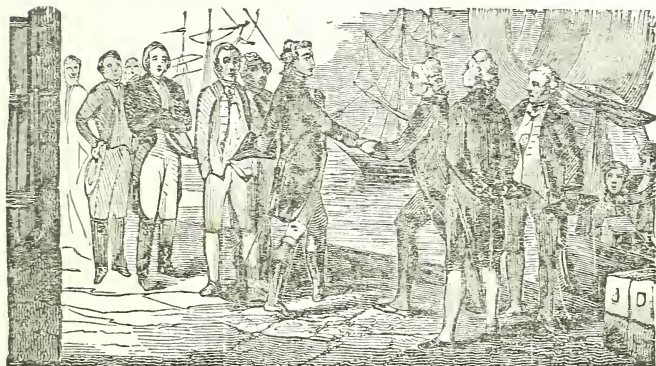
Washington received him with open arms, and Congress immediately appointed him a Major-General. His example was followed by many French officers; and it was chiefly by his efforts, backed by those of Dr. Franklin, and the other American commissioners at Paris, that the treaty of alliance and mutual defence between the United States and France, was afterwards concluded.

La Fayette served throughout the remainder of the revolutionary war, and rendered military services scarcely less important to the country than his able and influential diplomacy in the matter of the alliance with France. His generosity in clothing the soldiers for the Virginia campaign, and his able conduct and intrepidity in the en-



LA FAYETTE OFFERING HIS SERVICES TO DR. FRANKLIN. 167

counters with the British which preceded the surrender of Cornwallis were of inestimable value to the cause. When in old age he returned to the United States his visit was a continuous triumphal progress; and Congress acknowledged his services by a liberal grant of money and land.



DEPARTURE OF LA FAYETTE FROM FRANCE.



WASHINGTON.

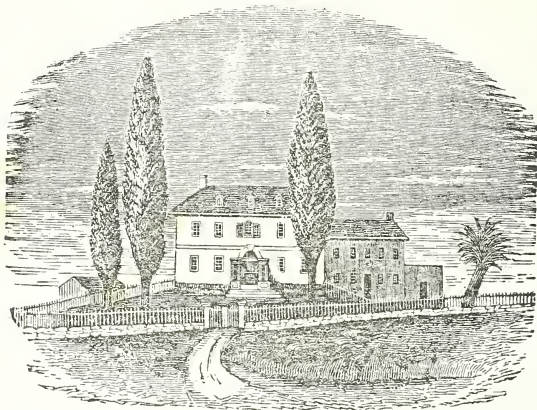
BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

AFTER the battles of Trenton and Princeton, Washington passed the winter of 1776-7 in expelling the British from most of their posts in New Jersey. During the greater part of this time, his head quarters were at Morristown. The spring was passed in vain endeavors on the part of Sir William Howe, to bring on a general engagement, and in June he gave up the attempt and withdrew his army from New Jersey to Staten Island. His object was now to gain possession of Philadelphia. Ac-

cordingly, after keeping the American General in long and perplexing suspense concerning his intended operations, he at length sailed from Sandy Hook with about sixteen thousand men; entered Chesapeake Bay; and on the 24th of August arrived at the head of Elk river. Generals Grant and Knyphausen having joined him on the 8th of September with the troops under their command, the whole army moved onward in two columns toward Philadelphia, the possession of which was now discovered to be the object of the British Commander. General Washington, who regulated his movements by those of the enemy, had by this time, with the whole American army, excepting the light infantry, which remained on the lines, taken a position behind Red Clay Creek, on the road leading directly from the enemy's camp to Philadelphia. The British boldly advanced until they were within two miles of the Americans.

General Washington, on reconnoitering their situation, apprehending their object to be to turn his right, and, suddenly crossing the Brandywine, to seize the heights on the north side of that river and cut off his communication with Philadelphia, changed his position early in the night of the 8th of September, crossed the Brandywine, and the next morning took post behind that river, on the height near Chadd's Ford.

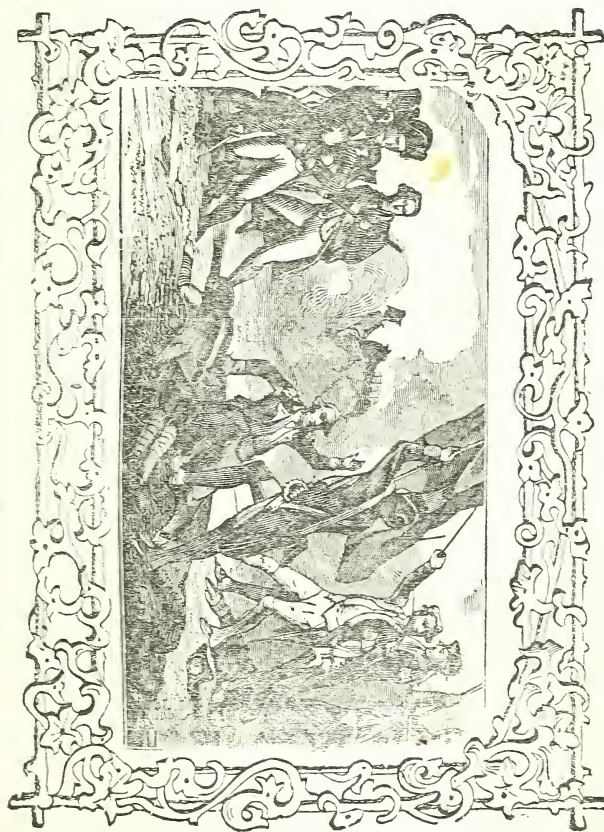
At daybreak on the morning of the eleventh, the royal



WASHINGTON'S HEAD QUARTERS AT MORRISTOWN.

army advanced in two columns, the one commanded by Lieutenant-General Knyphausen, and the other by Lord Cornwallis. While the first column took the direct road to Chadd's Ford, and made a show of passing it in front of the main body of the Americans, the other moved up on the west side of the Brandywine to its fork, crossed both its branches about two in the afternoon, and marched down on its eastern side with a view of turning the right wing of their adversaries.

General Washington, on receiving intelligence of their approach, made the proper disposition to receive them. The divisions commanded by Sullivan, Stirling, and Stephen, advanced a little farther up the Brandywine, and



fronted the column of the approaching enemy; Wayne's division, with Maxwell's light infantry, remained at Chadd's Ford, to keep Knyphausen in check; Green's division, accompanied by General Washington, formed a reserve, and took a central position between the right and left wings.

The divisions detached against Cornwallis took possession of the heights above Birmingham church, their left reaching toward the Brandywine; the artillery was judiciously placed, and their flanks were covered by woods. About four o'clock, Lord Cornwallis formed the line of battle, and began the attack.

The Americans sustained it some time with intrepidity; but their right at length giving way, the remaining divisions, exposed to a galling fire on the flank, continued to break on the right, and the whole line was soon completely routed. As soon as Cornwallis had commenced his attack, Knyphausen crossed the ford, and attacked the troops posted for its defence; which, after a severe conflict, were compelled to give way.

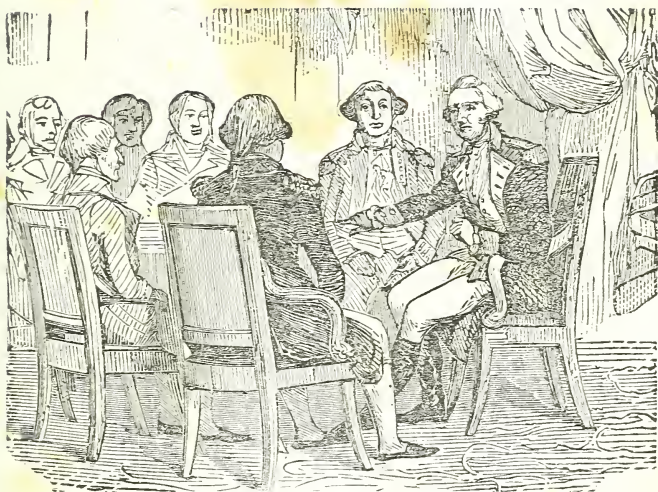
The retreat of the Americans, which soon became general, was continued that night to Chester, and the next day to Philadelphia. The loss, sustained by the Americans in this action, is estimated at three hundred killed, and six hundred wounded. Between three and four hundred, principally the wounded, were made prisoners. The

loss of the British was stated to be rather less than one hundred killed, and four hundred wounded.

As the British were advancing towards Goshen to gain the Lancaster road, dispositions were again made for battle, on the 16th, by both armies ; but a heavy rain separated the advanced parties, which had begun to skirmish, and its increasing violence soon obliged the Americans to retreat.

General Washington on the 19th crossed the Schuylkill, and encamped on the eastern banks of that river ; while detachments of his army were posted at the several fords, over which the enemy would probably attempt to force a passage. In the battle of Brandywine, La Fayette first drew his sword in our cause ; and during the action he was severely wounded.





A COUNCIL OF OFFICERS.

BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

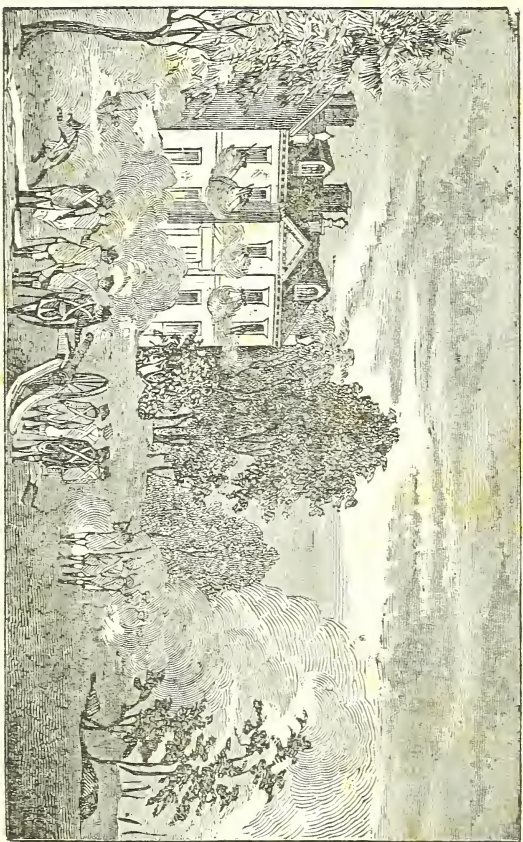
WASHINGTON while encamped fourteen miles from Germantown, conceived the design of attacking the British stationed at that place. The 4th of October was fixed for the execution of the plan.

Sir William Howe, desirous of having a free communication with the fleet in the Delaware river, employed his army in removing the obstructions in the river, which the Americans had been at great pains to construct, and which were defended by floating batteries, armed vessels, and fire ships. The army at Germantown was of neces-

sity weakened, by the number engaged in the removal of these obstructions; and Washington, whose forces had been increased to eleven thousand men, determined to attack them by surprise.

He moved from his encampment on the 3d of October, with twenty-five hundred chosen men, and commenced the attack early on the morning of the 4th. The advanced guards were soon driven in; but one circumstance defeated the whole enterprise. Lieutenant-Colonel Musgrave, with five companies, took possession of Mr. Chew's large stone mansion, and kept up such a galling fire, that although nearly half the American army, were engaged in attempting to dislodge them, all their efforts were vain. A thick fog rendered the morning so dark, that it became almost impossible to distinguish friend or foe.

Washington was at length obliged to order a retreat in order to save his army. The fog now proved of some benefit, and the army retreated under cover of a battery, suddenly and opportunely furnished by General Wayne, on an eminence near White Marsh church. Many fell into the hands of the British, being unable to unite with their parties, which accounts for the large number of prisoners, four hundred. The loss of the Americans, besides, was about two hundred killed, and three hundred wounded. That of the British was stated by them to be near six hundred killed and wounded.



ATTACK ON CHEW'S HOUSE.



GENERAL KNOX.

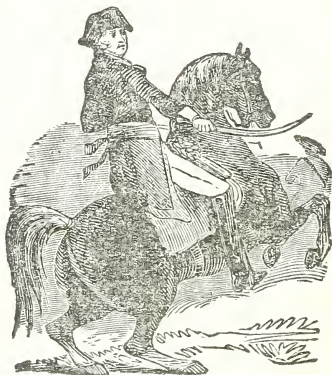
The effect of this battle was to render Howe more cautious, as he was aware he had one to deal with who was every way his equal. His army was placed nearer Philadelphia, whilst Washington resumed his former position on Skippack Creek, twenty miles from Philadelphia.

The plan of attack at Germantown had been determined by a council of officers called by Washington; and the surprise of the British army would have been complete, but for the unforeseen delay at Chew's House. If the opinion of General Reed had prevailed, this long delay would

not have happened. He proposed to continue the pursuit of the remainder of the enemy, who were in great confusion; and turning their faces to Philadelphia; but General Knox of the artillery, opposed the suggestion as being against all military rule "to leave an enemy in a fort in the rear."

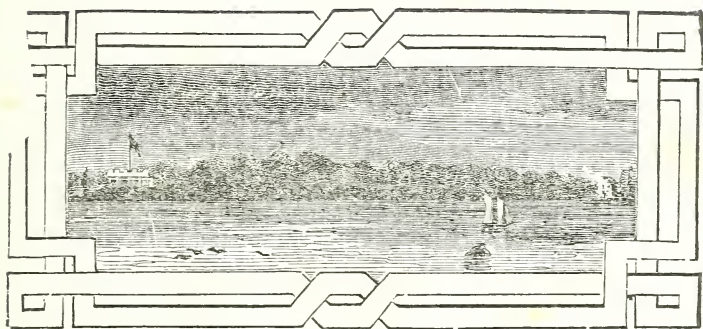
"What," exclaimed Reed, "call this a fort, and lose the happy moment?"

Knox's opinion prevailed; the pursuit was abandoned, and a failure ensued, where a victory had been nearly certain.





BATTLE OF RED BANK



RED BANK.

BATTLE OF RED BANK.

THE upper line of obstructions which prevented the British ships from ascending the Delaware river, to the city of Philadelphia, in 1777, were protected by a work on Mud Island, called Fort Mifflin, and a redoubt and works on the Jersey shore, at Red Bank, named Fort Mercer.

The capture or overthrow of these forts, and the free passage of the Delaware, were of great importance to the British army, in the occupation of Philadelphia. Count Donop, was therefore ordered by Howe, with twelve hun-

dred men, chiefly Germans, to cross the Delaware, and storm the works at Red Bank.

He attacked the fort, which was garrisoned by Colonel Christopher Greene, of Rhode Island, with only five hundred men, on the 22nd of October, 1777. This number, proving insufficient to man the works completely, they retired from the outworks to the redoubt, after galling the Hessians on their approach.

The charge of the enemy was spirited, but the fire of the Americans was too well directed, and too deadly. Count Donop was mortally wounded; the second in command met a similar fate; and the third immediately retired with the rest of his men. Greene followed them on their retreat. Donop was taken prisoner, and treated with the greatest kindness; but he soon died of his wounds. The loss of the British was about four hundred men, while that of the Americans was but thirty-two killed and wounded. That portion of the fleet which participated in the attack, was equally unfortunate. The channel had been obstructed by the chevaux-de-frize, and sandbanks were made, where before, none had existed.

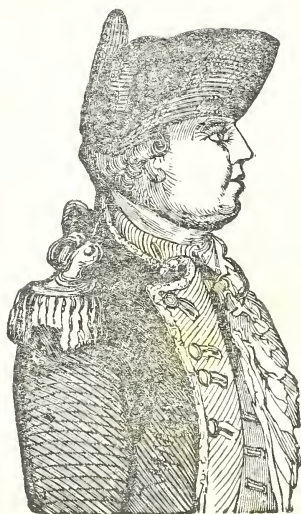
The frigates *Augusta* and *Merlin* ran aground a short distance below the second row of chevaux-de-frize. Every exertion was used to get them off; but in vain.

Next morning, the Americans perceiving their situation began to fire upon them, and sent fire-ships to effect their

complete destruction. The *Augusta* was fired, and the crew with great difficulty saved. The second lieutenant, chaplain, gunner, and some seamen, perished in the flames; and the crew of the *Merlin*, apprehending a similar fate, set fire to and abandoned her.

This was a splendid victory for the Americans; but it was unavailing in the end. A subsequent attack was made with an overwhelming force; and the Americans were obliged to retreat, leaving the fort a heap of ruins.



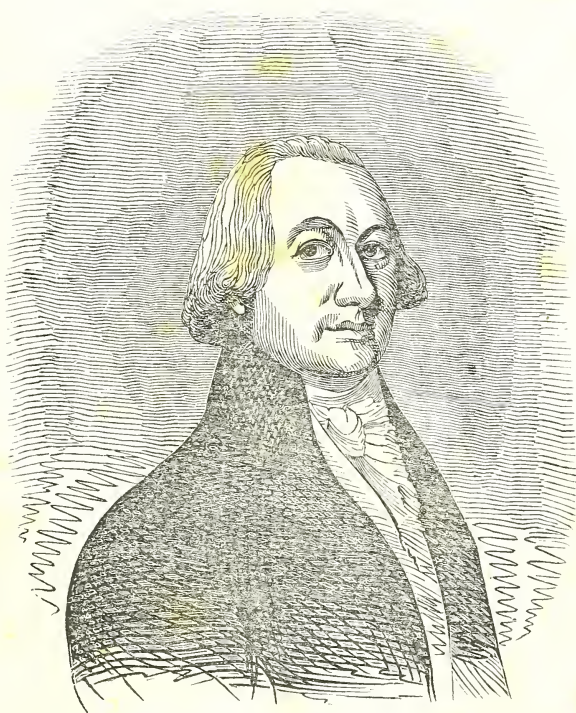


GENERAL BURGoyNE.

BURGoyNE'S INVASION. BATTLE OF BEN- NINGTON.

It is well known to the readers of American history, that Burgoyne's invasion was intended to conquer the whole country from Canada to New York, and thus cut off all connexion between the northern and southern colonies. His first operations were attended with success. Ticonderoga, Fort Edward, and Fort Anne, had successively fallen into his hands.

Up to this time, every thing in the aspect of the cam-
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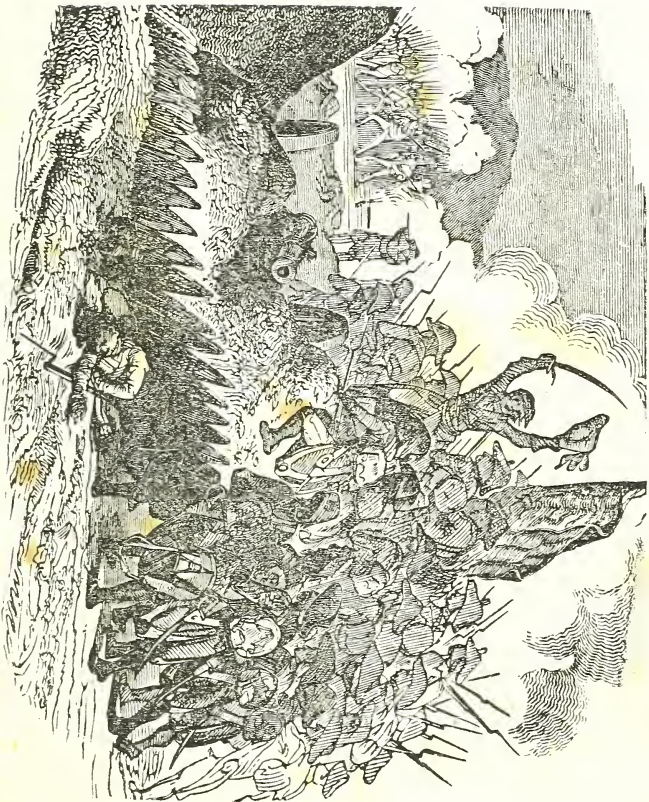
JOHN LANGDON.

paign in the north had been as discouraging to the Americans as it was promising to Burgoyne. We quote a passage from Governor Everett, to show what the state of feeling was in New England, and to what kind of measures some of its sons were capable of resorting for the public good.

“It must be confessed that it required no ordinary share of fortitude, to find topics of consolation in the present state of affairs. The British were advancing with a well-appointed army into the heart of the country, under the conduct, as it was supposed, of the most skilful officers, confident of success, and selected to finish the war. The army consisted in part of German troops, veterans of the Seven Years' War, under the command of a general of experience, conduct, and valor. Nothing could have been more ample than the military supplies, the artillery, munitions, and stores, with which the army was provided. A considerable force of Canadians and American loyalists, furnished the requisite spies, scouts, and rangers; and a numerous force of savages, in their war-dresses, with their peculiar weapons and native ferocity, increased the terrors of its approach. Its numbers were usually rated at ten thousand strong.

“On the evacuation of Ticonderoga, and the further advance of such an army, the New England States, and particularly New Hampshire and Massachusetts, were filled

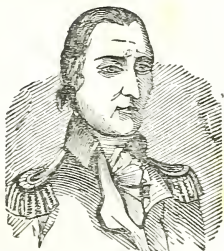
with alarm. It was felt that their frontier was uncovered, and that strenuous and extraordinary efforts for the protection of the country were necessary. In New Hampshire, as being nearer the scene of danger, a proportionably greater anxiety was felt. The Committee of Safety, of what was then called the New Hampshire Grants, the present state of Vermont, wrote in the most pressing terms to the New Hampshire Committee of Safety at Exeter, apprising them, that, if assistance should not be sent to them, they should be forced to abandon the country and take refuge east of the Connecticut River. When these tidings reached Exeter, the Assembly had finished their spring session, and had gone home. A summons from the Committee brought them together again, and in three days they took the most effectual and decisive steps for the defence of the country. Among the patriotic members of the Assembly, who signalized themselves on this occasion, none was more conspicuous than the late Governor Langdon. The members of that body were inclined to despond; the public credit was exhausted; and there were no more means of supporting troops, if they could be raised. Meantime the defences of the frontier had fallen, and the enemy, with overwhelming force, was penetrating into the country. At this gloomy juncture, John Langdon, a merchant of Portsmouth, and speaker of the Assembly, thus addressed its members:



BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

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GENERAL STARK.

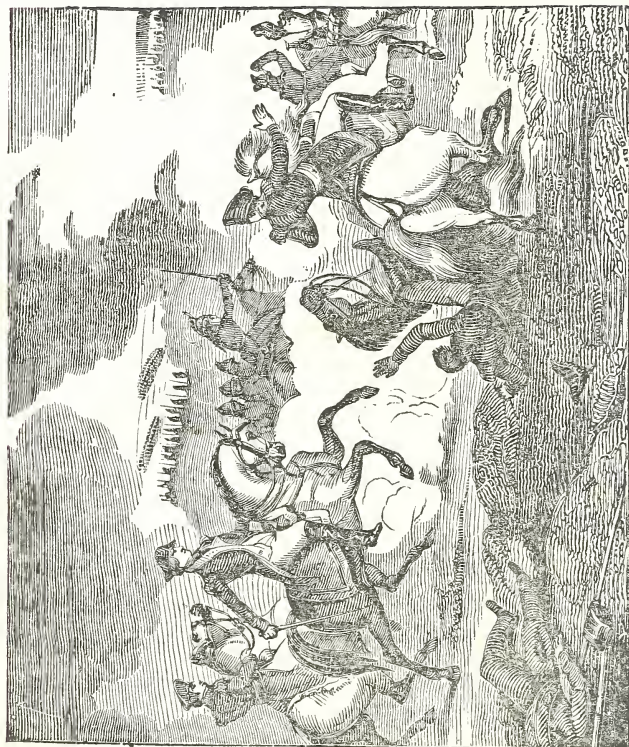
“‘I have three thousand dollars in hard money ; I will pledge my plate for three thousand more ; I have seventy hogsheads of Tobago rum, which shall be sold for the most it will bring. These are at the service of the state. If we succeed in defending our firesides and homes, I may be remunerated ; if we do not, the property will be of no value to me. Our old friend, Stark, who so nobly maintained the honor of our state at Bunker Hill, may be safely intrusted with the conduct of the enterprise, and we will check the progress of Burgoyne.’

“This proposal infused new life into the measures of the Assembly. They formed the whole militia of the state into two brigades. Of the first they gave the command to William Whipple, of the second to John Stark. They ordered one-fourth part of Stark’s brigade, and one-fourth of three regiments of Whipple’s, ‘to stop the progress of the enemy on our western frontiers.’ They ordered the

militia officers to take away arms from all persons who scrupled or refused to assist in defending the country; and appointed a day of fasting and prayer, which was observed with great solemnity."

It was with the force raised by these exertions of the government and people of New Hampshire, that General Stark was enabled to give Burgoyne his first check, by defeating his attempt to seize the stores at Bennington. Burgoyne had dispatched Colonel Baum on this service, with five hundred men, mostly Germans, including a detachment of Reidsel's dragoons, and one hundred Indians. General Stark was near the town, with about four hundred men, and hearing of Baum's approach, he sent expresses with directions to all the neighboring militia, to join him, and an order to Colonel Warner, to march from Manchester, where he was stationed with his regiment, to his aid. His orders were promptly obeyed, and he soon found himself at the head of a large number of men. Advancing to within four miles of the town, Baum halted and sent an express to Burgoyne for reinforcements; and Colonel Breyman, with five hundred men was sent to his assistance. Meantime Stark determined to attack Baum in his camp. He advanced against the enemy at the head of seven hundred men, and commenced a furious assault. Baum did every thing that could be expected from an officer, under the circumstances, but in vain; on all sides





BATTLE OF BEMIS'S HEIGHTS.

he was assailed with an incessant fire of musketry, and he was at length mortally wounded. The battle had lasted two hours, when the Hessian troops, unable longer to withstand the American fire, fled in confusion. A few escaped, but the greater part were killed or taken prisoners. The militia dispersed for plunder; Breyman came up and renewed the battle, and Stark, being opportunely reinforced by Warner's regiment, maintained the engagement till dark, when Breyman abandoned his artillery and baggage, and escaped with a small part of his men to the British camp. The American militia were well-armed from the spoil taken in this victory. Four brass field-pieces, one thousand stand of arms, nine hundred swords, and several baggage-wagons, fell into the hands of the brave Stark, who lost but one hundred men in killed and wounded throughout the day. The British lost about seven hundred in all, of which number, thirty-two officers were taken prisoners.

The battle of Bennington was the first serious check received by Burgoyne. It was followed by the battle of Stillwater, and Bemis's Heights; and then came a succession of disasters which terminated in the surrender of his whole army, and the total defeat of his whole grand scheme of invasion.

The capture of Burgoyne and his army, was an event of immense importance to the cause of liberty. It saved

he New England States from all the horrors of invasion. It inspired congress and the people with fresh confidence to protract the struggle to final victory. It was the turning point with the court of France, and determined that power to form a treaty of alliance with the United States, and to send her fleets and armies to our aid. There remained still, much to be done and suffered for the good cause; but from this time forth, the patriots fought with renewed courage and determination. One formidable British army defeated and captured, what might they not hope to accomplish?





HEROIC EXPLOIT OF PETER FRANCISCO.

WHILE the British were spreading havoc and desolation all around them, by their plunderings and burnings in Virginia, in 1781, Peter Francisco had been reconnoitering, and while stopping at the house of a Mr. Wand, in Amelia county, nine of Tarleton's cavalry coming up with three negroes, told him he was a prisoner. Seeing him-

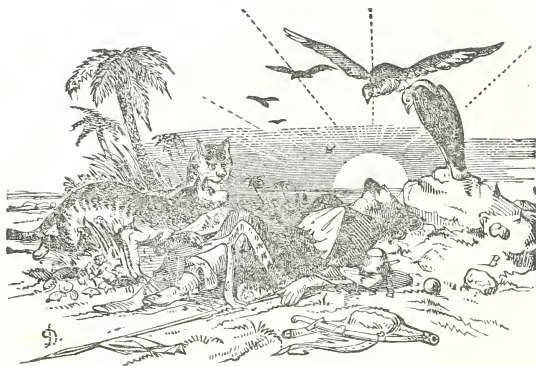
self overpowered by numbers, he made no resistance ; and believing him to be very peaceable, they all went into the house, leaving the paymaster and Francisco together. He demanded his watch, money, &c., which being delivered to him, in order to secure his plunder, he put his sword under his arm, with the hilt behind him. While in the act of putting a silver buckle into his pocket, Francisco, finding so favorable an opportunity to recover his liberty, stepped one pace in his rear, drew the sword with force from under his arm, and instantly gave him a blow across his scull. The enemy was brave, and though severely wounded, drew a pistol, and, in the same moment that he pulled the trigger, Francisco cut his hand nearly off. The bullet grazed his side. Ben Wand (the man of the house) very ungenerously brought out a musket, and gave it to one of the British soldiers, and told him to make use of that. He mounted the only horse he could get, and presented it at Francisco's breast. It missed fire, and Francisco rushed on the muzzle of the gun. A short struggle ensued, and he disarmed and wounded him. Tarleton's troop of four hundred men were in sight. All was hurry and confusion, which Francisco increased by hallooing as loud as he could, Come on, my brave boys ; now's your time ; we will soon dispatch these few, and then attack the main body. The wounded man flew to the troop ; the others were panic struck, and fled. Fran-



HEROIC EXPLOIT OF PETER FRANCISCO.

frisco seized Wand, and would have dispatched him, but the poor wretch begged for his life; he was not only an object of contempt, but pity. The eight horses that were left behind, Francisco gave him to conceal for him. Discovering Tarleton had dispatched ten more in pursuit of him, he made off and evaded their vigilance. They stopped to refresh themselves, and he, like an old fox, doubled, and fell on their rear. Francisco went the next day to Wand for his horses; he demanded two, for his trouble and generous intentions. Finding his situation dangerous, and surrounded by enemies where he ought to have found friends, he went off with his six horses. Francisco intended to have avenged himself of Wand at a future day, but Providence ordained he should not be his executioner, for Wand broke his neck by a fall from one of the very horses.





ANDREW JACKSON.

THE name of Andrew Jackson is associated with many stirring events in American History, and while one spark of "virtue, liberty, and independence," remains imbedded in the hearts of the American people, so long will the name of Jackson live.

He was educated for the ministry by his mother, who was left a widow shortly after his birth, and who looked forward with pleasure, to the time when she should see him at the head of some little flock, leading them in that path which leads to Eternal life ; little dreaming that he





would one day hold the highest office in the gift of his countrymen.

While receiving his education at the Waxhaw academy, the Revolution broke out. When the news of the battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker's Hill, reached the south, and the events immediately succeeding, the fires began to burn, and all were seized with the "desire to strike one blow for their common country."

They did not have to wait a great while, for the "desolating tide of war soon rolled south, and the rallying notes of the bugle rang through the woods of Carolina."

Savannah was taken by the British in 1778, and in the following spring the troops invaded South Carolina. Here they met with opposition from the inhabitants, and the elder brother of Andrew, Hugh, fell at Stono, having been "overcome by the heat and labor of the day."

Charleston surrendered the following year, and the British under Lord Cornwallis penetrated into the heart of South Carolina. Colonel Buford, who commanded the hardy yeomanry, amounting to about four hundred men, was forced to retire. Cornwallis dispatched Colonel Tarleton after him, who overtook him at Waxhaw, the birth-place of Jackson, and literally cut Buford's small army to pieces; but one hundred and forty escaping, of the four hundred under his command.

On the quiet green of Waxhaw, along the rural street,

around the humble cottages, lay the mutilated bodies, nearly all of them showing the ghastly wounds of the sabre. The fierce dragoons, with their bugle blasts, and shouts, and trampling steeds, had come and gone like a whirlwind, leaving desolation in their path, while the silence that succeeded this sudden uproar, and short, fierce death-struggle, was broken only by the groans of the dying. Their little village church was immediately turned into a hospital, and the inhabitants vied with each other in ministering to the wounded.

Andrew was at this time but twelve years of age; but as he listened to the tumult of battle, and afterwards gazed on the ghastly spectacle, his young heart kindled into rage, and in that dreadful hour, the soldier was born.

Mrs. Jackson, shortly after, together with most of the inhabitants, retired into North Carolina, frightened at the approach of Lord Rawdon, who was advancing towards Waxhaw, committing every species of rapine and plunder. She remained in North Carolina, until Rawdon was recalled to Camden.

In 1780, General Sumter made an attack upon the British, at Rocky Mount; but was unsuccessful. He was, however, shortly after reinforced by Colonel Davie, with a party of Waxhaw settlers, among whom were the sons of Mrs. Jackson; and although Andrew was but thirteen

years of age, and could scarcely carry a musket, he was to be found at his post, burning with zeal to lend a helping hand, in securing the liberty of his beloved country.

“It was sad to behold one so young marching to the carnage of battle; but there was a sublimity, a grandeur, about the gallant boy, that wins our highest admiration. It is a terrible thing to have such a child cast into the midst of strife and bloodshed; and yet it is a noble spectacle to behold so young a heart laid on the altar of his country, so fresh a life offered a sacrifice to liberty. It was hard for the solitary widow to part with her ‘Benjamin,’ the child of her love. As she strained him to her bosom, she thought of the hardships and toilsome march before him, and alas! of the battle-field on which, perchance, his pale and innocent cheek would be pressed in death, while his clotted locks lay trampled in the earth; yet, Spartan-like, she bade him, in God’s name, go, and strike for the land of his birth.”

General Sumter, on the 6th of August, attacked the British at Hanging Rock; but a portion of his troops rising in rebellion, he was forced to retreat. The boys Jackson, were still in Colonel Davies’ corps, “which fought gallantly to the last. This was Andrew’s first battle, and in it he showed the metal he was made of.” He shortly after returned to his mother, who was again forced to flee into North Carolina for safety. They remained until

February, when they again sought their home. The subsequent career of Jackson is too well known to require any notice from us. In the wars with the Indians in Florida, in 1813-14, he made himself famous, by the boldness and consummate tact, with which he, in almost every instance, triumphed over superior numbers. But the battle of New Orleans was the crowning point. A nation testified its gratitude, by placing him in the highest office in their gift.





BATTLE-GROUND OF YORKTOWN.



SIEGE OF YORKTOWN, AND SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

AN attempt was made by Sir Henry Clinton to divert Washington from his plan of operations in the south, but it was totally unsuccessful. He, with the French generals, marched towards Yorktown, which Lord Cornwallis with his army, was endeavoring to fortify

Yorktown is situated on the south side of York river, where the banks are high, and ships of the line may ride in safety. On the opposite shore is situated Gloucester

Point. Both of these points were occupied by the British, and a communication kept up, by means of their batteries and several ships of war. The main army of Cornwallis was encamped at Yorktown; while Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton, with a detachment of six or seven hundred men, kept possession of Gloucester Point.

The French general De Choisy, with Lauzun's legion, and a brigade of Virginia militia, watched and enclosed Tarleton's force, at Gloucester, whilst the main army moved to invest Yorktown, on the 30th of September.

On the night of the 6th of October, advancing within six hundred yards of the English lines, they began their first parallel, with such silence and industry, that they had raised a work of sufficient magnitude to protect them, before morning discovered their operations to the British. On the 9th and 10th of October, the allies opened a fire from their batteries, and the second parallel was opened, within three hundred yards of the enemy's works, on the night of the 10th; but here their progress was impeded. Two British redoubts were advanced in front of the other works, and the workmen in the trenches were much annoyed by them. It was determined to carry these posts by storm; and to avoid national jealousy, and to profit by the natural emulation of the troops, one was to be attacked by the French, whilst the Americans should assail the other. On the evening of the 14th, the two detach

ments moved to the assault. La Fayette led the Americans against the redoubt on the extreme left of the British, and the Baron Viomenil led the French grenadiers and chasseurs to attack the other, which was more toward the British right, and near the French lines. The Americans rushed to the assault with fixed bayonets, and unloaded arms, and the redoubt was carried in a few minutes, with the inconsiderable loss of nine killed and thirty-two wounded. Notwithstanding the frequent examples of severity displayed by the British, not a man was killed after resistance had ceased, either by the American or the French party, who also were successful. Viomenil, however, in capturing the other redoubt, employed more time and suffered greater loss than La Fayette, nearly one hundred men being killed or wounded.

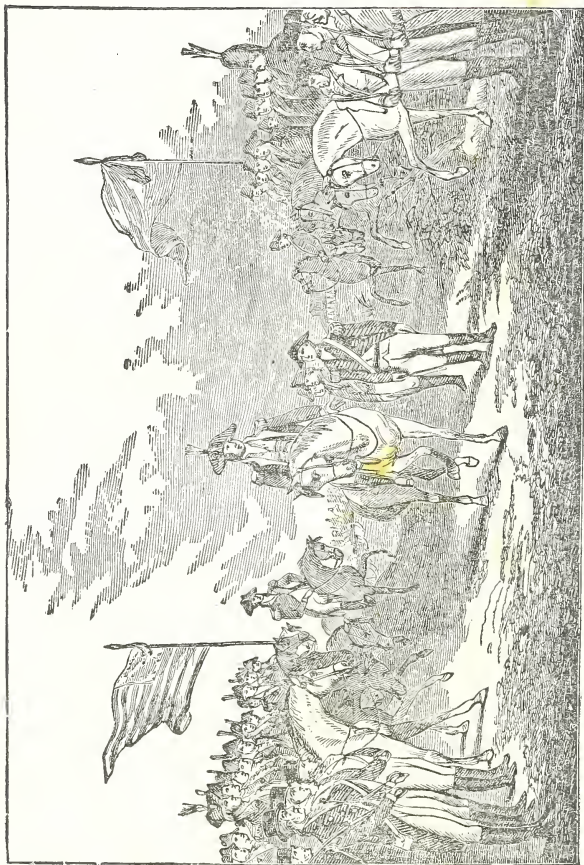
On the 16th, a sortie was made from the garrison by Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie, with about three hundred and fifty men; two batteries were forced, and eleven cannon spiked; but the British were soon forced to retreat, and the cannon were again fitted for use. In the afternoon, the batteries in the second parallel, in which the two redoubts had been included, were opened, and about one hundred pieces of heavy ordnance were brought to bear upon the enemy's lines. These latter were now almost in ruins, and a day or two more would leave the British at the mercy of their foe. In these circumstances,

Cornwallis resolved to attempt a retreat by land to New York. For this purpose several boat-loads of troops were sent over to Gloucester Point; but a storm of wind and rain dispersed the boats, and the design was consequently abandoned.

On the 17th, several new batteries were opened, and the British works were no longer tenable. At ten in the morning, Cornwallis begged for a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours; but Washington, in answer to his lordship's letter, stated his "ardent desire to spare the further effusion of blood, and his readiness to listen to such terms as were admissible," but refused to suspend hostilities for more than two hours. Propositions were then submitted by Cornwallis, the nature of which were such as to lead to an adjustment of terms of capitulation, and the suspension of hostilities was continued throughout the day and night.

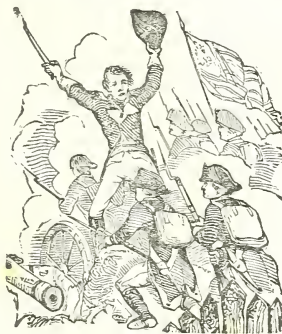
Commissioners were appointed to digest into form the rough draft of articles which Washington had proposed to Lord Cornwallis; and on the morning of the 19th, the commander-in-chief sent them by letter to his lordship, expressing his expectation that they would be signed by eleven in the morning, and that the garrison would march out by two in the afternoon. Clinton had failed to fulfil his promise of relief; there was no prospect of a disension between the French and Americans, by which his





lordship might hope to escape, and he was compelled to submit to the humiliating, though inevitable necessity. The articles were signed, on the 18th of October the garrison marched out of the town, with colors cased, and General Lincoln received the submission of the royal army, on the same terms which had been granted to himself under similar circumstances, at Charleston.

The posts of Yorktown and Gloucester, with their garrisons and stores, were surrendered to the United States; the shipping and seamen to the Count de Grasse. There were upwards of seven thousand prisoners, exclusive of seamen, six thousand of whom were rank and file. Five hundred and fifty-two of the garrison were either killed or wounded during the siege. The French and Americans lost about three hundred.

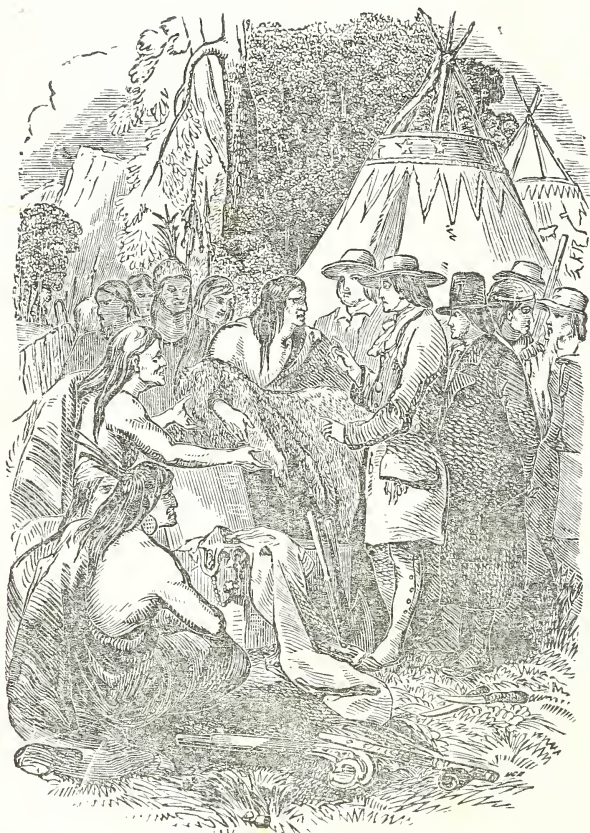




GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE.

PERHAPS one of the most surprising expeditions during the revolutionary war, was that under the immediate command of Colonel George Rogers Clarke. It happened in 1778, against Kaskaskia and Vincennes, then held by the British. The Indians received their supplies of arms and ammunition from these places, which enabled them to commit their depredations upon the frontier settlements of Virginia.

Clarke was a man eminently qualified for the position he was chosen to fill, being brave, possessed of great



BRITISH AGENTS SUPPLYING THE INDIANS WITH ARMS AND
224 AMMUNITION.

energy, and well skilled in the warfare, and cunning devices practised by the savage denizens of the forest. He was aware that in order to put a stop to the depredations of the Indians it was necessary to begin with their allies, at a distance, by whom they were supported and encouraged. At the head of three hundred men he crossed the Monongahela river, and descended the Ohio in boats, as far as the falls of that river, being reinforced there by some volunteers from Kentucky, then Western Virginia. Here he left some thirteen families, who had left their homes, for the purpose of settling in that country. At that time, no settlement had been yet attempted at the Falls, where Louisville now stands ; and the situation was so exposed, that the first houses were built upon the island in the river.

A few days were employed in recruiting the exhausted energies of his men ; he then proceeded down to within sixty miles of the mouth of the Ohio, where he landed and hid his boats, to prevent their being discovered by the Indians. Kaskaskia was now about one hundred and thirty miles off, and the road lay through deep morasses, and ponds of water, almost concealed by the luxuriant vegetation, which abounded throughout the whole route, and which must have rendered the march of the troops difficult in the extreme.

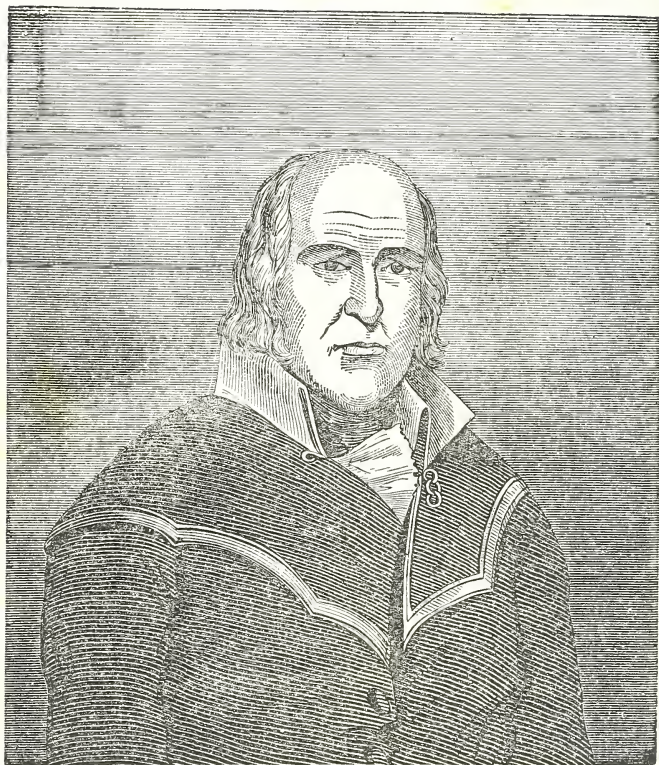
But Clarke was not a man to let trifles impede his pro-

gress. He was one of those hardy, bold, and intrepid men, whom no danger, however great, could deter, and difficulties served but to increase his ardor. At the head of his troops, with his rifle thrown across his shoulder, and his provisions strapped to his back, he marched on through this dark and dreary region.

After many privations and a weary march, he arrived, in the night, before Kaskaskia. The town contained inhabitants enough to have resisted a much greater force than that of Clarke, had they been aware of his approach; but so silent and rapid had been his march, that the first notice they received, was the assault he made upon the town.

“Not a scattering hunter had espied his march; not a roving Indian had seen his trail; the watchman was sleeping in fancied security; the inhabitants of the town were resting from their labors, and the garrison of the fort was not alarmed, until the citadel was taken, and the flag of stars and stripes was proudly waving upon its battlements.

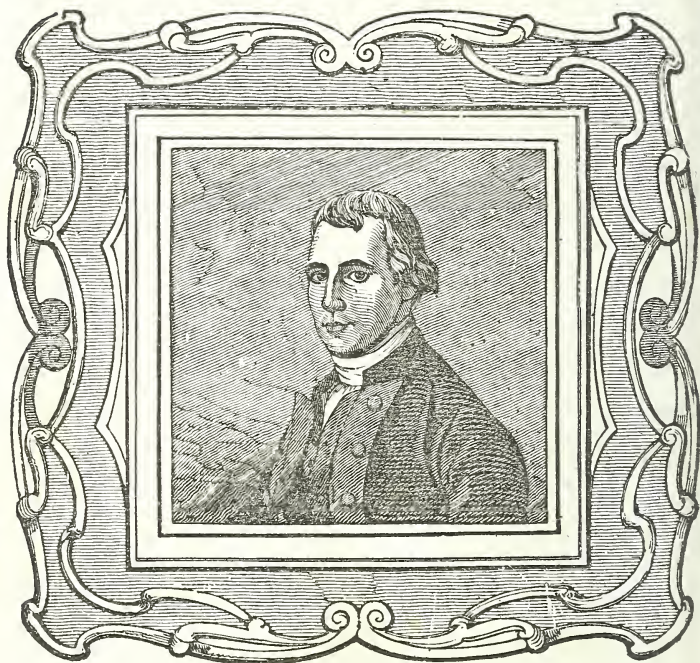
The astonishment of the garrison, and their mortification, can better be imagined than described. The whole affair occupied but a short time. The inhabitants were required to swear allegiance to the United States, and Colonel Clarke made the fort at Kaskaskia, his headquarters.



From the fact that property was not molested, and that the people were treated in the most humane manner, they soon became reconciled to the change. Care was taken that no one escaped to spread the news, "while detachments were sent out, that captured the open settlements and villages in the vicinity, without the least resistance." The villages higher up the Mississippi, also fell an easy prey to a detachment of horsemen, dispatched by Colonel Clarke, for that purpose.

"Thus fell the power of Great Britain, upon the banks of the Mississippi; and this fertile valley, which will one day be the centre of population of this great Republic, passed from under her authority for ever."





CAPTAIN BIDDLE.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN BIDDLE.

CAPTAIN NICHOLAS BIDDLE was born at Philadelphia, in 1750. After many years of adventure as a British seaman, in which he acquired a complete knowledge of his profession, he entered the service of the United States, and was very successful in capturing the vessels of the



DESTRUCTION OF THE RANDOLPH.

English, in the early part of the Revolutionary war. He was in command of a squadron composed of the Randolph, the Moultrie, and two smaller vessels, when he fell in the service of his country.

On the night of the 7th of March, 1778, the fatal accident occurred, which terminated the life of this excellent officer. For some days previously he had expected an attack. Captain Blake, a brave officer who commanded a detachment of the second South Carolina Regiment, serving as marines on board the General Moultrie, and to whom we are indebted for several of the ensuing particulars, dined on board the Randolph two days before the engagement. At dinner, Captain Biddle said, "We have been cruising here for some time, and have spoken a number of vessels, who will no doubt give information of us, and I should not be surprised if my old ship should be out after us. As to any thing that carries her guns upon deck, I think myself a match for her."

About 3, P. M. of the 7th of March, a signal was made from the Randolph for a sail to windward, in consequence of which the squadron hauled upon a wind, in order to speak to her. It was four o'clock before she could be distinctly seen, when she was discovered to be a ship, though as she neared and came before the wind, she had the appearance of a large sloop with only a square-sail set. About seven o'clock, the Randolph being to wind-

ward, hove to; the Moultrie being about one hundred and fifty yards astern, and rather to leeward, also hove to. About eight o'clock the British ship fired a shot just ahead of the Moultrie, and hailed her, the answer was; "the Polly, of New York;" upon which she immediately hauled her wind, and hailed the Randolph. She was then, for the first time, discovered to be a two-decker. After several questions had been asked and answered, as she was ranging up alongside the Randolph, and had got on her weather quarter, Lieutenant Barnes, of that ship called out, "This is the Randolph," and she immediately hoisted her colors, and gave the enemy a broad-side. Shortly after the action commenced, Captain Biddle received a wound in the thigh, and fell. This occasioned some confusion, as it was at first thought that he was killed. He soon, however, ordered a chair to be brought, said that he was only slightly wounded, and being carried forward, encouraged the crew.

The stern of the enemy's ship being clear of the Randolph, the captain of the Moultrie gave orders to fire, but the enemy having shot ahead, so as to bring the Randolph between them, the last broad-side of the Moultrie went into the Randolph, and it was thought by one of the men saved, who was stationed on the quarter-deck near Captain Biddle, that he was wounded by a shot from the Moultrie. The fire from the Randolph was constant and

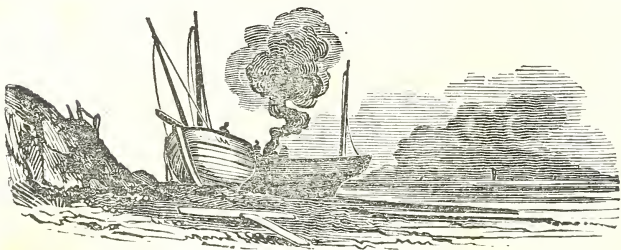
well directed. She fired nearly three broadsides to the enemy's one, and she appeared, while the battle lasted, to be in a continual blaze. In about twenty minutes after the battle began, and while the surgeon was examining Captain Biddle's wound on the quarter-deck, the Randolph blew up.

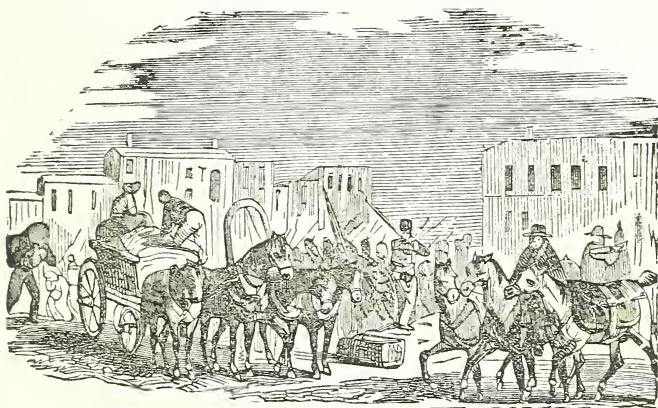
The enemy's vessel was the British ship Yarmouth, of sixty-four guns, commanded by Captain Vincent. So closely were they engaged, that Captain Morgan, of the Fair American, and all his crew, thought that it was the enemy's ship that had blown up. He stood for the Yarmouth, and had a trumpet in his hand, to hail and inquire how Captain Biddle was, when he discovered his mistake. Owing to the disabled condition of the Yarmouth, the other vessels escaped.

The cause of the explosion was never ascertained, but it is remarkable that just before he sailed, after the clerk had copied the signals and orders for the armed vessels that accompanied him, he wrote at the foot of them, "In case of coming to action in the night be very careful of your magazines." The number of persons on board the Randolph was three hundred and fifteen, who all perished except four men, who were tossed about for four days on a piece of the wreck, before they were discovered and taken up. From the information of two of these men, who were afterwards in Philadelphia, and of some indivi-

duals in the other vessels of the squadron, we have been enabled to state some particulars of this unfortunate event, in addition to the account given of it by Dr. Ramsay in his History of the Revolution of South Carolina. In the former work, the historian thus concludes his account of the action: "Captain Biddle, who perished on board the Randolph, was universally lamented. He was in the prime of life, and had excited high expectations of future usefulness to his country, as a bold and skilful naval officer."

Thus prematurely fell, at the age of twenty-seven, as gallant an officer as any country ever boasted of. In the short career which Providence allowed to him, he displayed all those qualities which constitute a great soldier—brave to excess, and consummately skilled in his profession.



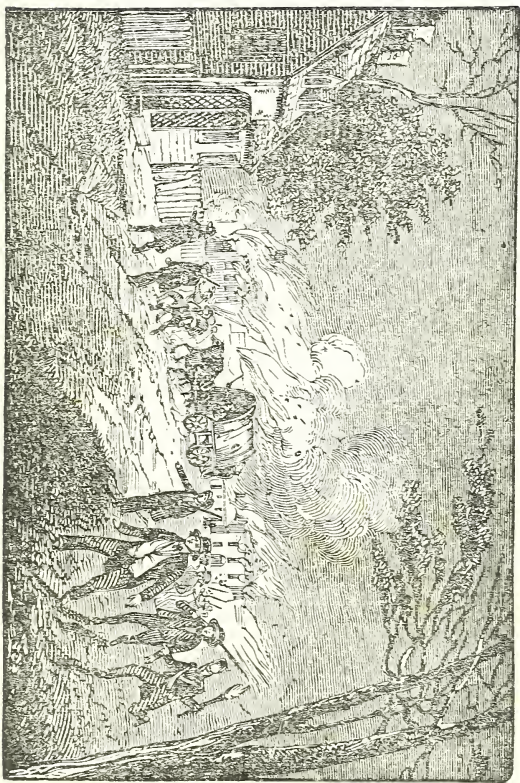


PATRIOTISM OF MOTHER BAILEY.

THE incident, which rendered famous the lady whose name heads our present article, is probably as well known to the general reader as many others, which, having been oft repeated, have become as familiar almost as “household words.” But there are many particulars concerning the “heroine of Groton,” which are not generally known, and which may be of interest to those who have only heard her name connected with the circumstance which the engraving is intended to illustrate. Let us turn to

the chronicles, and see what history has to say about her there.

On the morning of the sixth of September, 1781, a British fleet appeared off the harbor of New London, bearing a land force composed of Hessians and tories, under command of the arch traitor, Arnold, who was about to seal with the blood of his countrymen the unholy compact between himself and his former foes. Landing in two divisions, the main body, under Arnold, proceeded to attack and burn the town, while on the opposite shore, Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre led a party against Fort Griswold, to which many of the American militia—on finding resistance useless on the opposite shore—had fled. Approaching the fort from the rear, Colonel Eyre captured an advanced battery, and sent a flag demanding the surrender of the garrison. This was peremptorily refused, and the assault began. The Americans were poorly armed and equipped, yet excited to the utmost height of phrenzy at the sight of their homes in flames, and their families driven forth as houseless wanderers, they fought with the most determined bravery, and Colonel Eyre, as well as Major Montgomery, his successor, together with fifty-four non-commissioned officers and privates, were killed or mortally wounded ere the fort was captured. Maddened at this loss, and rendered ferocious at the long continued resistance of the garrison, the Hessians and tories continued



the work of death long after all resistance had ceased. Colonel Ledyard, the commander of the fort, was run through the body by the inhuman wretch who succeeded in the command upon the fall of Major Montgomery, and, as though not sated with the blood which had already been shed, the savage troops gathered the wounded, placed them in a cart, and rolled them down the hill toward the river, expecting to see them engulfed in the stream. Then laying a train to the magazine, they departed, taking with them everything they could conveniently carry. The cart was providentially stopped in its downward career by an apple tree, and after the departure of the enemy, the women of the vicinity, headed by Fanny Ledyard, (the niece of the Colonel,) came to their relief, with water, wine, and chocolate, to assuage their burning thirst, and with bandages for their wounds. Some had died from the effects of the brutal treatment they had received, but most of them recovered through the kindness and efficient nursing of their friends

Mrs. Bailey—then a maiden of seventeen summers—was one of that noble group, who aided in binding up the wounds and relieving the distress of the poor soldiers. Her future husband—then a lad of about her own age—was one of the garrison of the fort, and had been detailed, in company with a man named Williams, to man the advanced battery of one gun; and well did they perform

their part, until the near approach of the enemy threatened to cut them off, and they retired. Williams fled at once to the fort, but young Bailey stopped to spike the gun, that it might not be turned against his countrymen, and in doing so, lost so much time, that when he knocked at the gate he found it barred against him, on account of the close proximity of the enemy. Finding all his efforts unavailing to gain admittance, and having but a moment in which to decide and act, he leaped a fence, and hid himself in a neighboring corn-field, from whence he had a full view of the battle, and all the incidents connected with the subsequent massacre of his brave commander and fellow-soldiers. What agonizing emotions filled his breast, as he lay concealed within hearing of the dying groans of those with whom he had been so long and intimately connected—his neighbors and friends. How truly thankful he felt, as he thought that the circumstance, which he had looked upon as endangering his life, had in reality been the means of saving him from the fate of those who lay weltering in their life's blood.

As soon as the enemy had taken to their boats, he started in search of assistance for those who still lived—if haply he might find it. He was paying his addresses at the time to his future wife, and her father's house was the first to which he directed his steps. Finding no one at home but the women, he informed them of the condi-

tion of his unfortunate countrymen, and hastened on to collect those who might aid him in the burial of the dead. The women responded to the call of the distressed and wounded soldiers, and after their removal to the neighboring houses, nursed them assiduously until many of them recovered.

After the war, young Bailey married our heroine and settled in his native place. He was appointed Postmaster during the administration of Jefferson, and held that office for a period of forty years, until his death, in 1848.

In 1813, when the British fleet drove Decatur into the harbor of New London, and threatened to bombard the town, and preparations were made to defend it, it was found that there was a deficiency in the article of flannel for cartridges. This fact was mentioned to a Mr. Latham, a neighbor of Mrs. Bailey, who generously undertook to procure it. All that could be found in New London was sent to the fort, but there was still a deficiency. Be-
thinking him of his neighbor, and calling to mind her patriotism and desire to save her countrymen, he crossed the river and took his way to her house. "Mrs. Bailey," said he, on entering, "I have come to see if you have any spare flannel in the house. The people at the fort are short of materials for cartridges, I have sent them all I could find in the town, and still it is not enough; if you have any to spare, I'd like to get it of you."

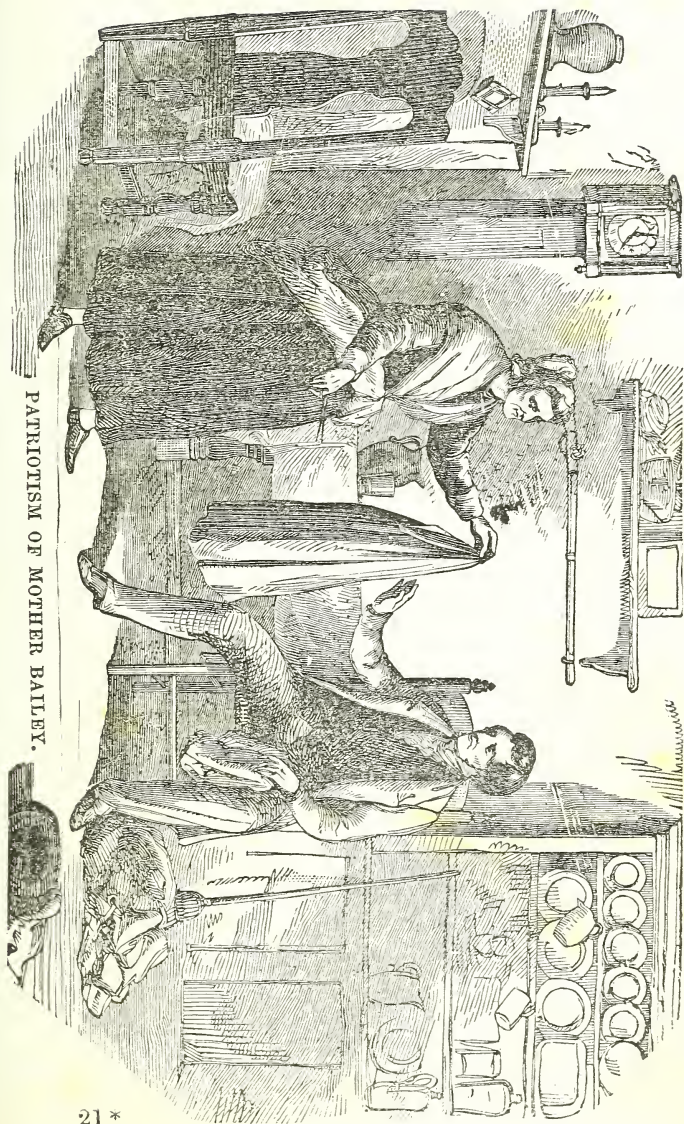
"Well, I don't know," replied the lady; "I have none in the house, but I guess I can find some for you, if you will wait till I come back."

He readily acquiesced in her wish, and she went around to her neighbors and collected all the children's flannel petticoats that she could find in town. Returning to Mr. Latham with her load, he informed her that still there was not enough.

"You shall have mine then," replied the dame, at the same time taking her scissors—which, after the fashion of the day, she wore at her side,—and cutting the string which secured it, she stepped out of it, and handed it to him, adding, "It is a heavy new one, and I hate to part with it, for I don't know when I shall get another, but I don't care for that; all I want is to see it go through the Englishmen's insides."

Of course Mr. Latham could not ask more, and taking his prize on his arm returned to the fort with it. When he related the incident, some of the sailors declared it was a shame to cut it up into cartridge patterns, and thought it ought to float at the peak of one of the ships, as an ensign, under which to fight the Britons.

The story spread, and Mrs. Bailey found herself a heroine at once. Many were the visitors she had in consequence, to all of whom she delighted to talk of the scenes through which she had passed, and of the incidents



PATRIOTISM OF MOTHER BAILEY.



of her early life. She had in her possession mementoes of Jackson, Van Buren, Colonel R. M. Johnson, and other distinguished guests who had honored her by personal visits. She lived to be nearly ninety years of age, (seventy of which were passed with her husband,) retaining to the last an excellent flow of spirits, as well as all her faculties. Her sad and melancholy death occurred on the 10th of January, 1851, by her clothes accidentally taking fire.





THE DUTCHMAN AND THE RAKE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE BURNING OF KINGSTON.

HENDRICH JANSEN, or Dutch Henry, as he was commonly called, was one of those characters we but too frequently meet. According to his own account, he was possessed of undaunted courage, and he more than once avowed in the village tavern, that he would be the last man to flee from the red-coats. The topics of the day being of an exciting nature, furnished him with abundant material on which to exercise his abilities as a debater. It

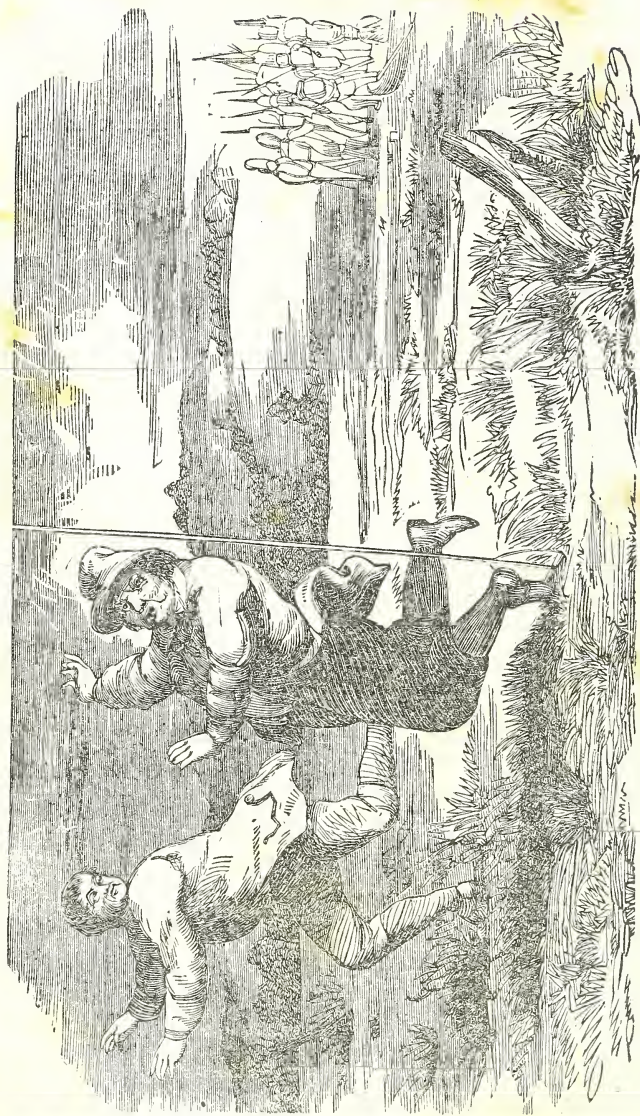
was a source of wonder among the villagers, that a man, possessed, as he asserted, of great talents, and military knowledge, did not offer his services in defence of his adopted country; and frequently was he taxed upon this score. At such times, Hendrick, who was never able to give a satisfactory reason for his not joining the army of patriots, would belabor his questioner with his tongue in the most unmerciful manner. An opportunity was soon to occur, in which his boasted courage would be put to the test.

On one occasion, soon after the capture of Forts Clinton and Montgomery by Sir Henry Clinton, when the war was brought as it were, home to their very doors, and they might be houseless wanderers, a group of idlers were collected as usual in the tavern porch, discussing, in animated language, the probability of an attack upon their own quiet village by the British on their way up the river, as it was universally supposed that Clinton was moving up the Hudson to the relief of Burgoyne, who was there in the toils of Gates at Saratoga. Of course, Hendrick was an active participant in the discussion, and, as usually was the case on such occasions, when some of the group had been borne down by the weight of Hendrick's argument, he fell back upon the usual resort of doubting his courage. Such an imputation, at such a moment, was more than Hendrick could bear with patience, and he gave utterance

to such a volley of expletives and torrent of words, as to convince his opponent that if he lacked the qualities of a good soldier, he certainly did not want for energy in the use of his tongue.

“Cot for tam!”—Hendrick would sometimes use harsh and unseemly language when he became excited—“Cot for tam! vat for you dinks I vas run away ven te Britishers cum, and leave mine vrow to be murtered, and mine haus to be purnt up mit fire. Donder and Blixen! I shall kill goot many, and ten I shall be killed 'fore I vas run away. Cos I vas not gone mit General Vashington, and leave mine vrow, I no can fite te red cotes. Ve shall see who shall be run away ven te British shall be cum. Ten I shall see you run away, and te tyfel shall be run after you mit a sharp stick.”

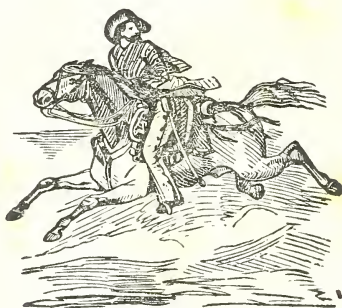
Such was Hendrick's arguments and such his intentions, if we may believe his words; but alas for poor human weakness, the hour of trial came all too soon, for his boasts were still fresh in the minds of his hearers, when a few days afterward the British frigates came up the river, and landed a body of troops, whose aim was to burn the village. One division landed in the cove, just north of the present steamboat wharf; the other, landed from small boats at a place called Pencknocken Point, near which point are extensive flats, which at low water are dry, and yield an abundance of coarse salt grass.



HENDRICK'S FLIGHT.

It so happened that when they landed, Hendrick and others were at work on the meadow, gathering the grass, and among them his late-opponent in debate. They did not discover the approach of the British until they were quite near to them, and when they did look up from their work, one boat load had already landed on the edge of the meadow. No time was taken to deliberate in the matter, but the whole party of haymakers fled as fast as their legs would carry them, towards the upland—Hendrick among the number. Now, I should be willing to ascribe Hendrick's haste, to his desire to alarm his neighbors and the village, or to the fact that he was unarmed, and running to get his gun, or to any other cause, rather than to fear, were it not that a slight accident occurred to him as he fled, which caused such a sudden change in his political principles, as to lead to much animadversion afterwards on the part of his neighbors and acquaintances. It so happened that directly in his path as he fled toward the point, lay a rake, which had been left by former haymakers, and which was hidden by the long grass in which it lay. The tines or points of the rake were uppermost, and on these Hendrick happened to tread as he ran. The handle, as a natural consequence, flew up and struck him a pretty violent blow on the back of the head. Thinking, doubtless, that the British were at his heels, and that one of them had stricken him the

blow to admonish him to surrender, Hendrick dropped on his knees, and, clasping his hands together in an agony of fear, his whole frame trembling and teeth chattering, exclaimed: "O mein Cot! mein Cot! I kivs up, I surrender, I is a tory. Hurrah for King Shorge! O good Mr. Soljur, spare mine life." The roar of laughter which burst from his companions, induced the poor fellow to turn his tearful eyes over his shoulder, where he beheld the handle of the innocent rake towering up behind him, while the enemy were on the march in a different direction, full half a mile in his rear. It is hardly necessary to add, that Hendrick never returned to his allegiance to the States; at least, he was never heard to argue their side of the question again, and even at the present day his descendants feel very sore at the mention of Hendrick's adventure with the rake.









SIMON KENTON.

SIMON KENTON was one of those bold and adventurous spirits, that in the early history of our country, obtained so much renown from their daring encounters with the savages in the far west. He was a fit companion for Clarke, and was one of his army at the time of his expedition to Kaskaskia, and the towns upon the upper banks of the Mississippi.

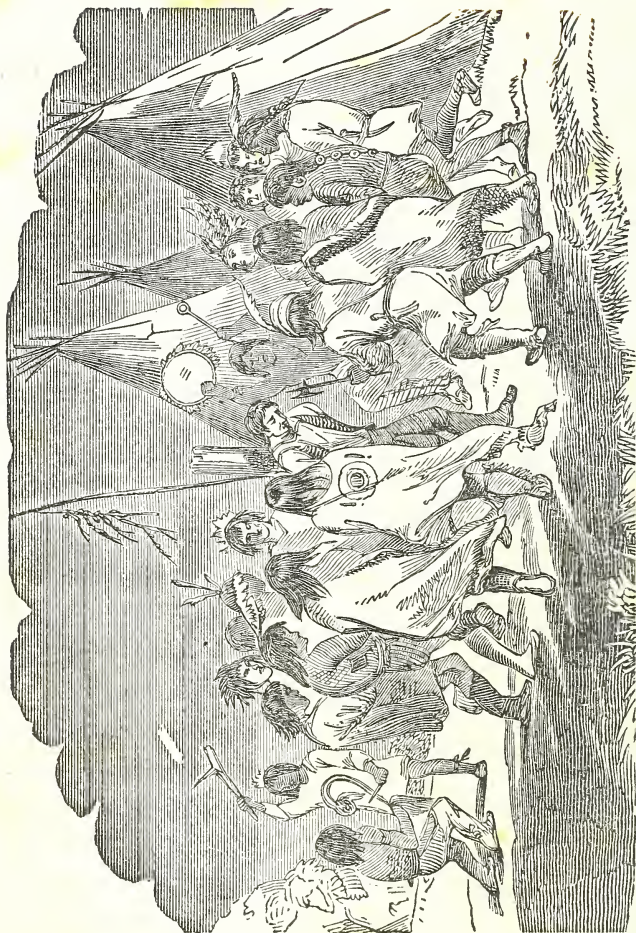
He was ordered by Colonel Bowman, to take a friend of his, named Montgomery, and another young man named Clarke, and proceed on a secret mission to an Indian

town on the Little Miami, against which the Colonel had meditated an expedition.

They started instantly, and reached the town without being discovered, and examined it carefully, walking around the houses during the night with perfect impunity. While thus engaged, they came upon a number of horses, belonging to the Indians. It was the work of a moment for each to mount one; but not satisfied, they attempted to take the balance with them. This was the means of their discovery; as the time it took to secure them, and the noise made in so doing, aroused the Indians, who with the cry of "Long Knives," rushed to the rescue of their property.

Kenton and his men had now to ride for their lives; but they took the horses along with them. They pushed on at a furious rate the whole night, until they reached the banks of the Ohio. To cross this, would be to place them in safety, but the river was boisterous the wind being very high.

A consultation was held, when it was determined that Kenton should swim the river with the horses, while Montgomery and Clarke should construct a raft to transport their guns and baggage. Kenton could not accomplish his purpose, the river being too high, and after several trials, he was forced to abandon his effort from exhaustion. The horses were hid in a ravine close by, and the men



THE PRISONER.

took their station in the wood, waiting for the wind to subside. It did not abate till morning; but it was too late then, the Indians were upon them. Montgomery was killed on the spot, Clark made his escape, and then Kenton was taken prisoner.

The Indians seemed to be aware that they had captured a man of some importance; and they not only exulted in his captivity, but practised upon him every means of cruelty, They sarcastically complimented him upon his fondness for horses, and assured him that he should ride one of their best animals.

He was bound securely to a vicious young horse, which was turned loose, without a bridle, to follow the party. "The animal reared and plunged, and dashed off through the woods, endeavoring in vain to shake off its rider; until wearied out, it became tame, and quietly fell into the rear of the other horses." Still Kenton's situation was painful in the extreme, as every now and then the horse would stop to graze, and then dash off at full speed, through the woods, into the midst of the closest thickets, as though to increase his misery.

¶ "On his arrival at Chillicothe, the most populous of the Indian towns in this region, he was painted black, tied to the stake, and suffered to remain in this painful situation for twelve hours, anticipating the horrors of a slow, and cruel death, the Indians dancing around him, yelling,

screaming, and beating him, during the time. He was led out in the morning to run the gauntlet. The Indians, several hundred in number, of both sexes, and every age and rank, armed with sticks, whips, clubs, and other implements of annoyance, were formed in two lines, between which the unhappy prisoner was made to pass; having been promised that if he reached in safety the door of the council-house, at the farther end of the lines, no further punishment would be inflicted. The moment for starting arrived,—Kenton was stripped naked,—the great drum of the council-house was struck,—and he sprang forward in the race. Avoiding the row of his enemies, about a mile in length, he turned to the east, and drew the whole party in pursuit of him. He ran with great activity, now this way and now that, until observing an opening he darted through it, and pressed forward to the council-house, with a rapidity which left his pursuers behind, and reached it without being seriously injured.”

A council was then held to determine the manner of, his death, when it was decided that he should be taken to the different villages for exhibition, and then burned to death. Thirteen times he was compelled to run the gauntlet, and upon one occasion, nearly escaped, having broke through the ranks of his tormenters, and outstripped his pursuers; but he met a party of warriors, who again made





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SIMON GIRTY.

him prisoner. He was now condemned to suffer death by torture.

He was, however, again compelled to run the gauntlet, and had nearly reached the goal, when he was knocked down by a club, and his savage tormenters gathering around him nearly beat him to death. He was then summoned to attend the council.

“Upon entering the council-house, the renegade white man, the notorious Simon Girty, who had just returned from an unsuccessful expedition against the frontiers of Pennsylvania, and was in a very bad humour, threw a blanket upon the floor, and harshly ordered Kenton to take a seat upon it. The order not being immediately obeyed, Girty impatiently seized, and threw him upon the floor. But upon learning of Kenton his name, he became greatly agitated—and springing from his seat, he threw his arms around the prisoner’s neck, and embraced him with much emotion. Girty and Kenton had served together in Dunmore’s war, before Girty had deserted to the Indians, and they were bosom friends. He then turned to the assembled warriors, who remained astonished spectators of this extraordinary scene, and addressed them in a short speech, which the deep earnestness of his tone, and the energy of his gesture, rendered eloquent. He informed them that the prisoner, whom they had just condemned to the stake, was his ancient comrade and bosom

friend—that they had travelled in the same war path, and slept upon the same blanket. He entreated them to have compassion upon his feelings—to spare the agony of witnessing the torture of an old friend, by the hands of his adopted brothers. He recapitulated the services he had rendered the Indians, and the many instances of attachment to them he had given. The life of Kenton, he asked as the first and last favor.”

A vote was taken by means of the war club, when a majority refused to strike the floor, and Kenton was liberated. He remained with Girty some three weeks. Another party of chiefs from a distance arrived, and, notwithstanding the intercessions of Girty, he was marched off to a small village on the head waters of the Scioto, when Logan, the celebrated Mingo chief, made intercessions for him, by sending runners to Sandusky, but without success.

He was taken to that city, and through the influence of a British agent, named Drewyer, he was again rescued from the stake. He was taken to Detroit, from which place he succeeded in making good his escape ;” and after thirty days travelling through the wilderness, continually exposed to recapture, had the good fortune to reach the settlements in Kentucky.”

Thus terminated one of the most remarkable adventures in the whole range of western history. He was exposed to the gauntlet in numerous instances, three times tied to

the stake, and as often thought himself on the eve of a terrible death. Every friend that Providence raised up in his favor, was immediately followed by some enemy, who interposed, and turned his short glimpse of sunshine into deeper darkness than ever. For three weeks, he was wavering between life and death, and during the whole time, he was perfectly passive. Scarcely had he reached Kentucky, ere he was engaged in a new enterprise.





THE MURDER OF MISS M'CREA.

AT the commencement of the campaign of 1777, the Indians had specially been charged by Burgoyne, to commit no cruelties on the unresisting. The first parties heeded this restriction ; but it was impossible for them to forbear any great length of time. They became uneasy, and again reverted to their habits of massacre and plunder, and not a few were victims to their savage ferocity ; although the barbarities practised by them, excited more resentment than terror among the Americans.



MURDER OF MISS M'CREA.

One event, from its peculiar circumstances, will, perhaps illustrate more fully, what we intended remarking in relation to the many acts of barbarity of which the Indians, urged on by British gold, were guilty, at that particular period of the Revolution.

A young lieutenant of the royal army, named Jones, gained the affections of a young, beautiful, and accomplished young lady, Miss Jane M'Crea. The day appointed for the wedding drew near, and Jones, anxious that all should progress in accordance with the rules of propriety, dispatched two Indians to conduct her from Fort Edward, her place of residence, to him.

Placing every confidence in the agents of her betrothed, she, without hesitation, committed herself to their keeping. For a time she was all life and animation, never dreaming in her wild joyousness, of the fate in store for her. A few short hours at most, and she would be folded in a loving embrace; a few short moments, and she would join him, who, through life, would shield her from the storms of life.

Alas! for human calculations. A dispute arose between the Indians, as to which one should convey her to their employer. Angry words ensued, the dispute waxed warmer and warmer, when one of the chiefs sunk his tomahawk into her brain. Poor girl! but a moment before, happy in the thought of soon being united to one who had be-

stowed upon her, his most ardent love—now cold in death's embrace.

Her scalp was purchased by Lieutenant Jones, who immediately deserted. Who can blame him? This affair caused a great excitement throughout the country, colored of course, by the newspapers, and the people began to detest an enemy, who would employ such aid as the savage denizens of the forest.

The murderer was demanded by Burgoyne, who threatened, that if taken he would be put to death; but, to the astonishment of all classes of people, he was afterwards pardoned.





MASSACRE AT WYOMING.

ON the 8th of February, 1778, General Schuyler wrote to Congress. "There is too much reason to believe that the Indians will form an expedition against the western frontiers of this state, (New York,) Pennsylvania and Virginia. The next month he informed them that a number of the Mohawks, and many of the Onondagoes, Cayugas, and Senecas, will commence hostilities against us, as soon as they can; it would be prudent, therefore, early to take measures to carry the war into their country; it would require no greater body of troops to destroy their towns, than to protect the frontier inhabitants."

No measures being taken to check hostilities, numbers of Indians and tory refugees commenced depredations upon the back settlers. Their expeditions were carried on to great advantage, by the exact knowledge which the refugees possessed of every object of their enterprise, and the immediate intelligence they received from their friends on the spot. The inhabitants of Wyoming on whom the weight of hostilities fell, were a mixture of tories and whigs, who were always quarrelling among themselves.

Besides the tories, an unusual number of strangers came to the town, but being suspected of treachery, they were sent to Connecticut to be tried for their lives, the others were expelled. Colonel Zebulon Butler, who was then second in command, sent several letters to Congress and General Washington for assistance: the number of men in the town being small, on account of one thousand men being sent to the Continental army; but they were intercepted by the Pennsylvania tories.

The town was defended by four forts, built to defend it on account of its remote situation. Before the main attack, some parties made sudden irruptions, and through ignorance, or contempt of all ties, murdered the wife and five children of one of those who was sent to Connecticut for trial, in their own cause. At length, in the beginning of July, the enemy, to the number of sixteen hundred men appeared on the Susquehanna, headed by Colonel John



MASSACRE AT WYOMING.



COLONEL ZEBULON BUTLER.

Butler, cousin to Colonel Zebulon Butler, who was second in command at the fort. One of the smaller forts, garrisoned chiefly by tories, was given up or betrayed. Another was taken by storm and the women and children massacred. Colonel Zebulon Butler, leaving a small number at Fort Wilkesbarre, crossed the river with four hundred men to Fort Kingston, whither all the women and children fled for protection.

Colonel Zebulon Butler was afterwards enticed by his cousin to abandon the fort. He agreed to march out, and hold a parley for the conclusion of a treaty. Distrusting the enemy, he went with a body guard of four hundred

men, (nearly all in the fort) to the place of meeting, where being surrounded by the enemy, the whole number were massacred, except Colonel Zebulon Butler and seventy men who escaped. The men went to Fort Wilkesbarre, but Butler went to Fort Kingston, which was next day invested on the land side. Colonel Zebulon Butler went with his wife and children down the river, and is thought to be the only officer who escaped.

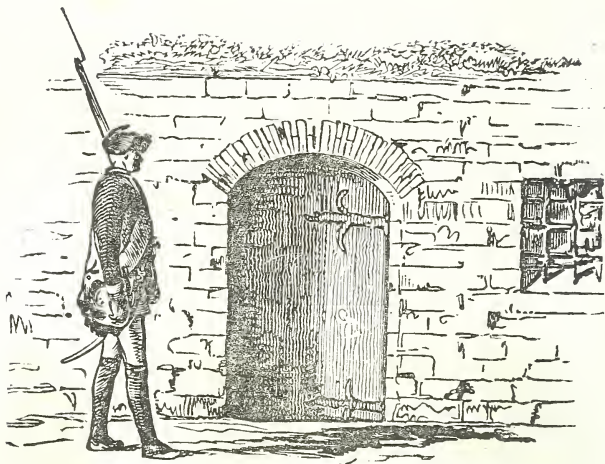
The fort was surrendered to the enemy after a protracted struggle, and the inhabitants shut up in the barracks and burnt alive. Fort Wilkesbarre surrendered in hopes of mercy unconditionally. Seventy Continental soldiers who were found in the fort, were butchered with every circumstance of horrific cruelty. The remainder of the inhabitants were, as before, shut up in the houses and burnt alive.

The whole town was now burned with the exception of the tories' houses, which appeared like islands in the midst of the desolation. The merciless ravagers cut out the tongues of the cattle, and left them alive to prolong their torture. Captain Bedlock was stripped naked, stuck full of pine splinters, and then burned alive; his companions, Captains Banson and Durgee were thrown alive into the flames, and held down with pitchforks.

Many were the enormities practised by the Indians; but we have given enough of these horrible details. The

broken parts and scattered relics of families, consisting mostly of women and children, who had escaped to the woods during the different scenes of this devastation, suffered little less than their friends, who had perished in the ruins of their houses. Dispersed and wandering in the forests, as chance and fear directed, without provision or covering, they had a long tract of country to traverse, and many, without doubt, perished in the woods.





TREASON OF ARNOLD.

It was fully expected that the year 1780, would pass without any memorable event, except the capture of Charleston by the British under Sir Henry Clinton; but both armies were aroused, and deeply affected by an unlooked for occurrence, on the part of the Americans at least. We have reference to the treason of General Benedict Arnold, and the execution of Major Andre.

Arnold had acquired a very high reputation for bravery and patriotism, and no officer of the American army possessed greater military talents. While the laurels won by

him at Ticonderoga, Quebec, and Lake Champlain, at Danbury and Saratoga, were yet fresh in the memory of the American people, he, by an act of dishonor and treachery, rendered his after life one of misery and wretchedness. Gold, in his estimation, seemed a balm for every ill, and he did not seem to care how, so he possessed it.

He solicited and obtained from Washington, in consequence, as he alleged, of his wounds preventing him from active service, command of the fort at West Point, at that time considered the Gibraltar of America; in short, it was deemed almost impregnable.

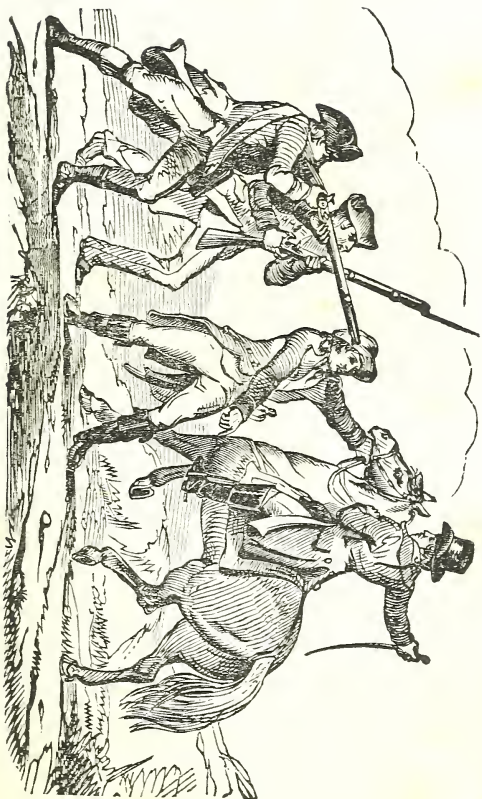
It appears that previous to his application for this appointment, he had signified to Colonel Robinson, his change of principles, and desire of joining the British army. A correspondence was entered into, between him and Sir Henry Clinton. He proposed to surrender the fort, in a plan concocted between themselves, by which all the men under his command would have to surrender or be cut to pieces.

Andre was selected as the person to whom the arrangements for the execution of the treason should be committed. After some correspondence had passed between them in a mercantile style, under the feigned names of Gustavus and Anderson, the Vulture sloop-of-war moved up the North river, and took a station near enough to be convenient, without exciting suspicion.



MAJOR ANDRE.

The visit of Washington to Hartford was the time agreed upon for bringing matters to a crisis. A boat was dispatched to the Vulture, which conveyed Andre to the beach, without the posts of both armies, with a pass, under the name of John Anderson. He remained in conference with Arnold until the dawn of day. He lay concealed at the house of a Mr. Smith, near the river, the whole of that day. That night, however, the boatmen refused to convey him on board the Vulture. In this strait, he was induced by Arnold to lay aside his regimentals, and travel by land, he furnishing him with a pass, stating that the



CAPTURE OF ANDRE.

bearer, John Anderson, was upon public business, and to permit him "to get to the lines at White Plains, or lower if he thought proper."

He set out on the 22nd of September, on horseback, and had nearly reached the British lines, when he was suddenly stopped by three militia men, named Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart. Andre was so surprised, that he forgot his pass, and asked one of the men where he belonged, and being answered "to below," replied immediately, "and so do I." He stated that he was a British officer upon urgent business, and begged to be permitted to continue his journey. He soon discovered his mistake, and his confusion was so great, that the men proceeded to examine his person, until in his boot were found the papers, in Arnold's hand writing.

Andre offered his captors a purse of gold, with his valuable watch, to let him pass; but they were not to be bribed. He was taken before Colonel Jameson, who had command of the scouting parties of militia. Fearful of involving Arnold, Jameson procured permission of his commanding officer, to write to Arnold, acquainting him with the arrest of Anderson.

Andre, convinced that there remained no hope of escape, himself wrote to Washington, stating his real name and rank, and enclosing all the papers found upon his person when taken, and endeavoring to show that he did not

come under the description of a spy. Jameson also forwarded this packet, but the messenger missed Washington, by taking a different road to that taken by the general on his return from Hartford.

Arnold received the news of the capture of Major Andre, some hours before Washington reached West Point. Pretending he was suddenly called to West Point, he hastened on board the Vulture and escaped.

Washington, not finding Arnold as he had expected, returned to camp, where he received Andre's letter, together with the papers found in his boots, which at once explained Arnold's absence. Measures were immediately taken to secure the posts in the Highlands, and an unavailing effort made to secure the traitor.

A board of officers was summoned, Greene being president, to inquire into the nature of Andre's offence, and to determine the punishment which it deserved. Andre made a full and free confession of his guilt, seeking only to place his character in as honorable a light as possible. The board reported that he was taken as a spy, and as such, agreeably to the law of nations, he ought to suffer death. Washington approved the decision.

Clinton was deeply concerned for the fate of Andre, and while he was confined under sentence, made every exertion to rescue him from his fate. He first represented that Andre was entitled to the protection of a flag; but

the gallant major himself disclaimed this false pretext. Clinton then proposed an interview between Lieutenant-General Robertson and General Green; but no new facts were elicited at this meeting. As a last resort, a letter from Arnold, filled with threats, was presented; but this was treated with the contempt it deserved.

Andre was very anxious to have his sentence mitigated. The idea of death by hanging, usually inflicted upon persons in his situation, affected him deeply. He wished to die as a soldier, and not as a criminal. Washington consulted his officers upon this subject; but they were of opinion that the public good required his punishment in the usual way. Of this he was kept ignorant until the time had arrived for his execution, October 2nd, when, on first beholding the fatal preparations, he inquired "Must I die in this manner?" He soon after added, "It will be but a momentary pang," and only requested them to witness that he died like a brave man. His melancholy fate was universally regretted. The sympathy he had excited in the American camp was unexampled under any similar circumstances, and the event deeply affected the whole royal army.

The three militia-men whose unshaken attachment to their country was perhaps the means of preserving its liberties, were not suffered to go unrewarded. On the 3d of November it was resolved, "That Congress have a high

sense of the virtuous and patriotic conduct of JOHN PAULDING, DAVID WILLIAMS, and ISAAC VAN WART," and that each of them should receive annually, through life, two hundred dollars in specie, and that the board of war be directed to procure for each of them a silver medal, emblematic of their fidelity and patriotism, to be presented by the commander-in-chief, with a copy of the resolutions.





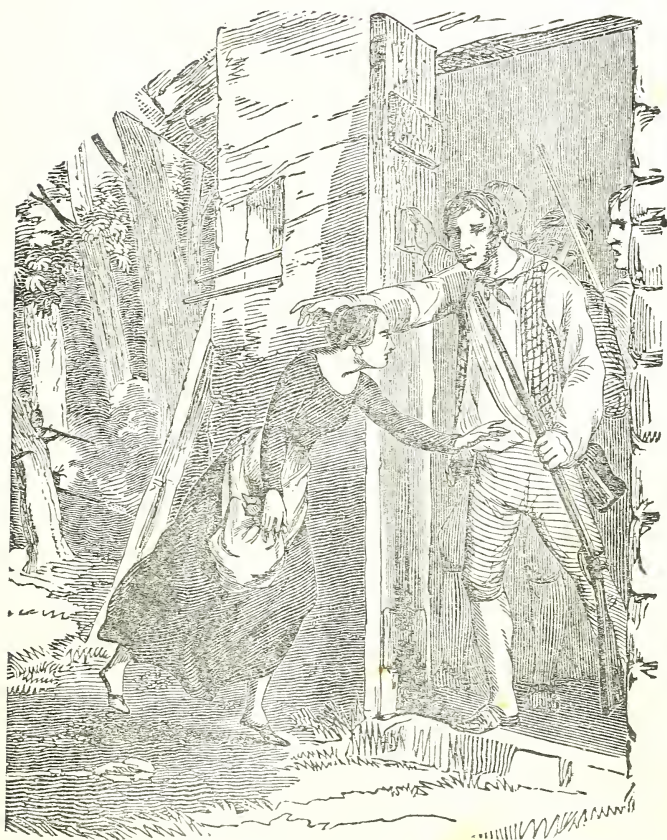
PATRIOTISM OF ELIZABETH ZANE.

Among the many instances of female heroism, during the war of the revolution, amongst the settlers on our frontiers, the following may be deemed one of the most daring.

In 1781, Wheeling was besieged by a large army of British and Indians. So suddenly was the attack made, that no time was afforded for preparation. The fort, at the time of the assault, was commanded by Colonel Silas Zane; and Colonel Ebenezer Zane the senior officer, was in a block-house, some fifty or a hundred yards outside

the wall. The enemy made several desperate assaults to break into the fort, but on every onset they were driven back. The ammunition for the defence of the fort was deposited in the block-house, and the attack was made so suddenly and unexpectedly that there was no time to remove it. On the afternoon of the second day of the siege, the powder in the fort was nearly exhausted, and, no alternative remained but that some one must pass through the enemy's fire to the block-house for powder. When Silas Zane made the proposition to the men, to see if any one would undertake the hazardous enterprise, at first all were silent. After looking at each other for some time, a young man stepped forward and said he would run the chance. Immediately half a dozen offered their service in the dangerous enterprise.

While they were disputing about who should go, Elizabeth, a sister of the Zanes, came forward and declared she would go for the powder. Her brother thought she would flinch from the enterprise, but he was mistaken. She had the intrepidity and fortitude to bear her up in the heroic risk of her life. Her brother then tried to dissuade her from the attempt, by saying that a man would be more fleet, and consequently would run less risk of losing his life. She replied that they had not a man to spare from the defence of the fort, and if she should fall, she would scarcely be missed. She then divested herself of such of

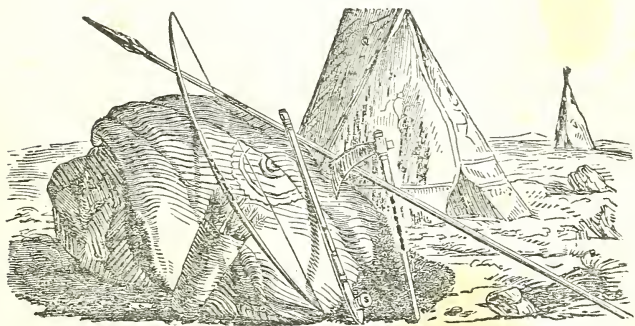


ESCAPE OF ELIZABETH ZANE.

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her clothing as would impede her speed. The gate was then opened, and Elizabeth bounded out at the top of her speed, and ran till she arrived at the door of the block-house; her brother, Colonel Zane, hastened to open the door to receive his intrepid sister. The Indians, when they saw her bound forth, did not fire a gun, but called aloud, "Squaw! squaw! squaw!" When she had told her brother the errand on which she had come, he took a tablecloth and fastened it around her waist, and poured into it a keg of powder. She then sallied back to the fort with all the buoyancy of hope.—The moment she was outside the block-house, the whole of the enemy's line poured a leaden storm at her; but the balls went innocently whistling by, without doing her any injury.





COLONEL FLEURY.

STONY POINT.

AMONG the many exploits of gallantry and prowess which shed a lustre on the fame of our revolutionary army, the storming of the fort at Stony Point has always been considered one of the most brilliant.

To General Wayne, who commanded the light infantry of the army, the execution of the plan was entrusted. Secrecy was deemed so much more essential to success than numbers, that it was thought unadvisable to add to the force already on the lines. One brigade was ordered to commence its march, so as to reach the scene



MAJOR LEE.

of action in time to cover the troops engaged in the attack, in case of any unlooked for disaster ; and Major Lee, of the light dragoons, who had been eminently useful in obtaining the intelligence which led to the enterprise, was associated with General Wayne, as far as cavalry could be employed in such a service.

The night of the 15th of July, 1779, was fixed on for the assault ; and it being suspected that the garrison would be more on their guard towards day, twelve o'clock was chosen for the hour.

Stony Point is a commanding hill, projecting far into

the Hudson, which washes three-fourths of its base. The remaining fourth is, in a great measure, covered by a deep marsh, commencing near the river on the upper side, and continuing into it below. Over this marsh, there is one crossing-place. But at its junction with the river is a sandy beach passable at low tide. On the summit of this hill was erected the fort, which was furnished with a sufficient number of heavy pieces of ordnance. Several breast-works and strong batteries were advanced in front of the principal work, and about half way down the hill, were two rows of abatis. The batteries were calculated to command the beach and the crossing-place of the marsh, and to rake and enfilade any column which might be advancing from either of those points towards the fort. In addition to these defences, several vessels of war were stationed in the river, so as, in a considerable degree, to command the ground at the foot of the hill.

The fort was garrisoned by about six hundred men, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson.

At noon of the day preceding the night of the attack, the light infantry commenced their march from Sandy Beach, distant fourteen miles from Stony Point, and passing through an excessively rugged and mountainous country, arrived about eight in the afternoon at Spring Steel's, one and a half miles from the fort, where the dispositions for the assault were made.



STORMING OF STONY POINT.

It was intended to attack the works on the right and left flank at the same instant. The regiments of Febiger, and of Meiggs, with Major Hull's detachment, formed the right column, and Butler's regiment, with two companies under Major Murfree, formed the left. One hundred and fifty volunteers, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury and Major Posey, constituted the van of the right; and one hundred volunteers, under Major Stewart, composed the van of the left. At half past eleven, the two columns moved on to the charge, the van of each with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets. They were each preceded by

a forlorn hope of twenty men, the one commanded by Lieutenant Gibbon, and the other by Lieutenant Knox, whose duty it was to remove the abbatis and other obstructions, in order to open a passage for the columns which followed close in the rear.

Proper measures having been taken to secure every individual on the route, who could give intelligence of their approach, the Americans reached the marsh undiscovered. But unexpected difficulties were experienced in surmounting this and other obstructions in the way, the assault did not commence until twenty minutes after twelve. Both columns then rushed forward, under a tremendous fire of musketry and grape-shot. Surmounting every obstacle, they entered the works at the point of the bayonet, and without having discharged a single piece, obtained complete possession of the post. The humanity displayed by the conquerors was not less conspicuous, nor less honorable, than their courage. Not a single individual suffered after resistance had ceased.

All the troops engaged in this perilous service manifested a degree of ardour and impetuosity which proved them to be capable of the most difficult enterprises; and all distinguished themselves whose situation enabled them to do so. Colonel Fleury was the first to enter the fort, and strike the British standard. Major Posey mounted the works almost at the same instant, and was the first to give the watch-

word—"The fort's our own." Lieutenants Gibbon and Knox performed the service allotted to them with a degree of intrepidity which could not be surpassed. Out of twenty men who constituted the party of the former, seventeen were killed or wounded.

The loss sustained by the garrison was not considerable. The return made by Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, represented their dead at only twenty, including one captain, and their wounded at six officers and sixty-eight privates. The return made by General Wayne states their dead at sixty-three, including two officers. This difference may be accounted for, by supposing, that among those Colonel Johnson supposed to be missing, there were many killed.

The prisoners amounted to five hundred and forty-three, among whom were one lieutenant-colonel, four captains and twenty subaltern officers. The military stores taken in the fort were also considerable.

The loss sustained by the assailants was by no means proportioned to the apparent danger of the enterprise.

The killed and wounded did not exceed one hundred men. General Wayne himself, who marched at the head of Febiger's regiment in the right column, received a slight wound in the head, which stunned him for a time, but did not compel him to leave the column. Being supported by his aids, he entered the fort with the regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Hay was also among the wounded

The intrepidity, joined with humanity, its noblest companions, displayed on that occasion by the Pennsylvania Hero and his brave followers, cannot be too highly esteemed nor too frequently commemorated.





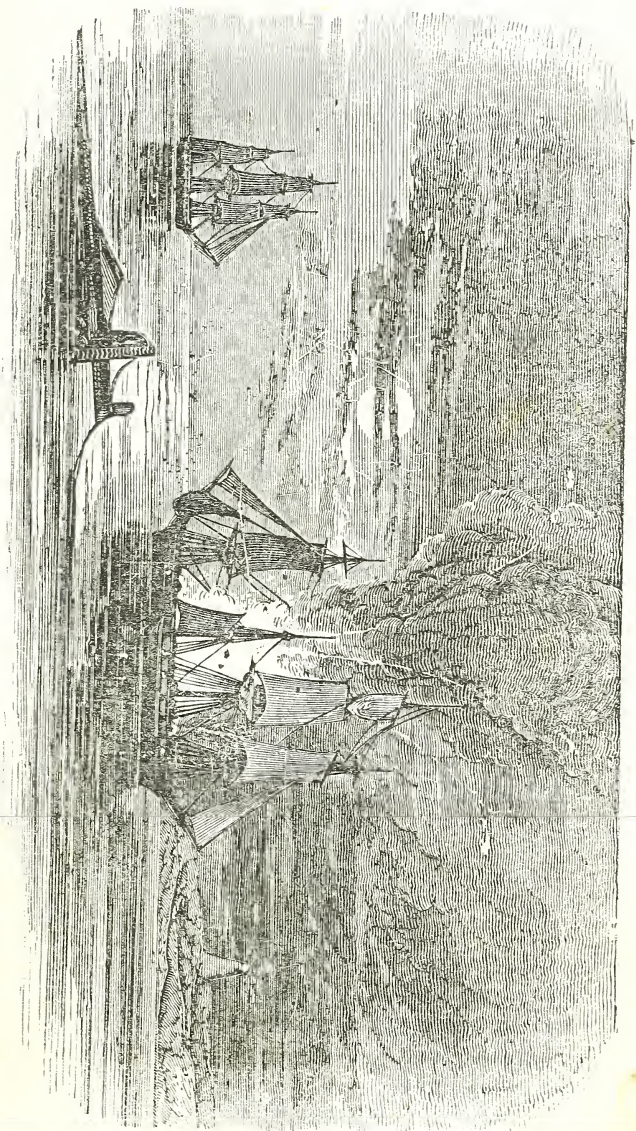
JOHN PAUL JONES.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

IF ever there was a man in modern times in whom there dwelt the soul of a sea-king, that man was the celebrated John Paul Jones. He gained the most brilliant victory won upon the ocean during the war of independence; and throughout his whole splendid career he exhibited a degree of courage and ability which has not been surpassed by one of those who have succeeded him in the brilliant line of our naval heroes.

Receiving command of a small squadron, of which *Le Bon Homme Richard* was the principal vessel, he cruised along the coast of England and Scotland, and finally on the 24th of September, he fell in with a fleet of merchantmen, convoyed by the frigate *Serapis*, and a smaller vessel the *Countess of Scarborough*. The people were gathered in great numbers on the surrounding heights, to witness the scene about ensuing.

The *Serapis* had every advantage over the *Richard* in the number and calibre of guns, and in being more manageable than her antagonist. This advantage was somewhat lessened, however, by the *Serapis* running her bowsprit between the poop and mizzenmast of the *Bon Homme Richard*, when Jones, with his own hands, lashed it fast, and brought the two vessels together. The ships were thus engaged from half-past eight till half-past ten, the muzzles of their guns touching each other's sides. One of the men in the *Bon Homme Richard* carried a basket of hand-grenades out on the mainyard, and threw them among the crew of the *Serapis*. At half-past eight, one of these combustibles exploded a cartridge-magazine, blew up among the people abaft the main-mast, and rendered all the guns on that side useless. The two ships were frequently on fire during the action, and the spectacle was inexpressibly awful. Finding that he was unable longer to defend his ship, and his convoy having in the mean time escaped to

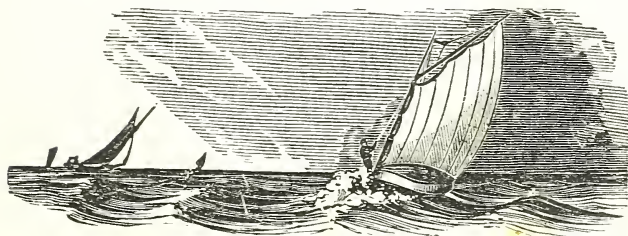


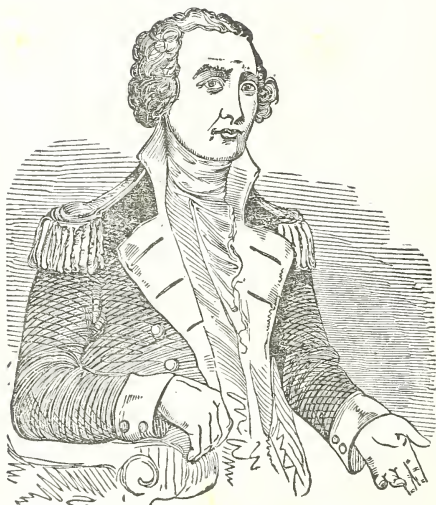
CAPTURE OF THE SERAPIS.



such a distance as to remove any fears of their capture, Captain Pearson of the *Serapis* struck his flag, when Jones immediately transferred his crew on board of her, as the *Bon Homme Richard* was in a sinking condition.

Whilst the action between the two larger vessels was maintained, the *Pallas* engaged, and after two hours' fighting, compelled the Countess of Scarborough to surrender. On the 25th, the *Bon Homme Richard*, after every exertion on the part of Commodore Jones to save her, went down. Jones sailed for Holland with his prizes, and on the 3d of October anchored off the Texel, having taken during the short cruise prizes estimated to amount to more than £40,000





GENERAL SUMTER.

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

After the battle of Camden, the British had almost entire possession of the South and were congratulating themselves upon the easy conquest and entire submission of the colonies. They were doomed to disappointment, however. Notwithstanding Charleston was in their power; the government scattered; Gadsden a prisoner doomed to the dungeon at St. Augustine; Sumter forced to retire beyond



THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

the State, on the one side and Pickens on the other, the spirit of liberty but slumbered, and shortly after broke out in a way that astonished the British.

Rendered desperate by the severities of the British, the bold and active among the patriots formed themselves anew into partisan bands, under different chieftains, Marion and Sumter being mostly distinguished by the spirit and enterprise, with which they harassed the British.

Eight of these leaders of partisan bands, collected together their forces, amounting to sixteen hundred men, and attacked Major Ferguson with his detachment of tories, and regulars on the tops of King's Mountain, October 7th, 1780.

The Americans were commanded by Colonels Lacy, Campbell, Cleveland, and Shelby, and were formed into three divisions.

Before commencing the battle, Colonel Cleveland addressed his men as follows. It comprises the whole art of war of a bush fighter.

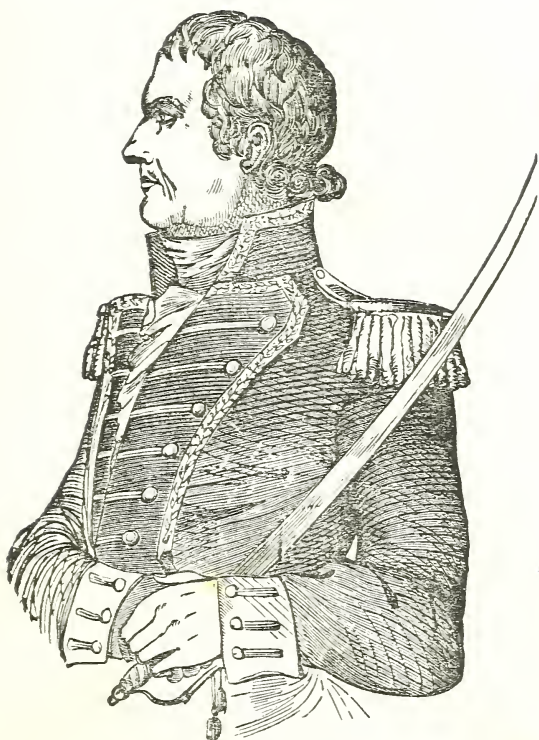
“My brave fellows! We have beat the tories, and we can beat them. They are all cowards. If they had the spirit of men, they would join with their fellow citizens, in supporting the independence of their country. When engaged you are not to wait the word of command from me. I will show you by my example how to fight. I can undertake

no more. Every man must consider himself as an officer and act from his own judgment. Fire as quick as you can and stand as long as you can. When you can do no better get behind trees, or retreat; but I beg of you not to run quite off. If we be repulsed, let us make a point to return and renew the fight. Perhaps we may have better luck in the second attempt than in the first. If any of you be afraid, such have leave to retire; and they are requested immediately to take themselves off."

These directions were literally followed in the battle. Ferguson attacked them with fixed bayonets, and compelled one party after another to retire; but they only retreated to a short distance and getting behind trees and rocks renewed their fire in almost every direction. The British being uncovered were securely shot down by the assailants.

The close of the battle is thus described by William C. Preston.

"Ferguson, with a gallantry which seemed to rise with his desperate condition, rode from rank to rank and post to post, cheering, driving and encouraging his men, until he found his army pressed, actually huddled together, on the ridge, and falling as fast as the Americans could load and shoot. He determined on one more desperate charge, and taking his position at the head of his cavalry, in a voice that rose loud above the din of the battle, he



COLONEL SHELBY.

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summoned his men 'to crush the damned rebels into the earth.' The summons was heard by the Americans, and one round of their rifles was stopped, and instead of their roar, there was heard only the click of the cock. It was the serpent's low warning of coming death. The pause was but for a moment, when Ferguson and Du Poistre, horse and foot, burst like an avalanche down the mountain-side, by the time they came within sixty paces every rifle was loaded, and under deadly aim. Ferguson fell at the first discharge, with seven mortal wounds. The patriots rushed forward to meet the shock, as Du Poistre's regulars, with bayonets set and sabres in rest, came crashing down upon them—not Agincourt or Cressy, with all their chivalry, ever felt a shock more fearful than that, but had the heavens then rained British bayonets, it could not have stopped those patriots. The destinies of America—perhaps of mankind—depended on their muscle. Like martyrs, they went to the death; like lions, they rushed to the carnage; officer and soldier—half naked, with blood-shot eyes and parched tongues—pounced upon the charging enemy, until their hot breath and fierce glare was seen and felt by the craven tory and his bull-dog master; and as they crouched, gathering for the last spring, a wild terror-stricken shriek rose above the roar—a yell for mercy—a white flag was run up, and God's champion shouted 'Victory, Liberty.' "



BURNING OF COLONEL CRAWFORD.

COLONEL CRAWFORD, while on an expedition against the Indians, was, together with Dr. Knight, made a prisoner; the balance of his party having been killed. We purpose merely giving an account of his sufferings. They were terrible indeed; and it seems almost impossible that such demons in human shape could really exist. Every new pang inflicted on their victim seemed to afford them new delight, and they were never so happy, as when they



COLONEL CRAWFORD.

could wring a groan from their prisoner. But Colonel Crawford perished like a hero.

Colonel Crawford and Dr. Knight were reserved by the Indians for a dreadful death. They were taken to the main village of the Delawares, about eight miles from the mouth of Tymochtee creek. There a council was held, and it was resolved to burn the prisoners. The account of the burning of Colonel Crawford, we give in the words of Dr. Knight, his companion, and an eye-witness of the dreadful scene.

When we went to the fire, the colonel was stripped naked, ordered to sit down by the fire, and then they beat him with sticks and their fists. Presently after I was treated in the same manner. They then tied a rope to the foot of a post about fifteen feet high, bound the colonel's hands behind his back, and fastened the rope to the ligature between his wrists. The rope was long enough for him to sit down, or walk round the post once or twice, and return the same way. The colonel then called to Girty, and asked if they intended to burn him? Girty answered, yes.

The colonel said he would take it all patiently. Upon this, Captain Pipe, a Delaware chief, made a speech to the Indians, viz., thirty or forty men, and sixty or seventy squaws and boys.

When the speech was finished, they all yelled a hideous and hearty assent to what had been said. The Indian

men then took up their guns and shot powder into the colonel's body, from his feet as far up as his neck. I think that not less than seventy loads were discharged upon his naked body. They then crowded about him, and to the best of my observation, cut off his ears; when the throng had dispersed a little, I saw the blood running from both sides of his head in consequence thereof.

The fire was about six or seven yards from the post to which the colonel was tied; it was made of small hickory poles, burnt quite through in the middle, each end of the poles remaining about six feet in length. Three or four Indians by turns would take up, individually, one of these burning pieces of wood, and apply it to his naked body, already burnt black with the powder. These tormentors presented themselves on every side of him with the burning faggots and poles. Some of the squaws took broad boards, upon which they would carry a quantity of burning coals and hot embers, and throw on him, so that in a short time he had nothing but coals of fire and hot ashes to walk upon.

In the midst of these extreme tortures he called to Simon Girty, and begged of him to shoot him; but Girty making no answer, he called to him again. Girty then, by way of derision, told the colonel he had no gun, at the same time turning about to an Indian who was behind him, laughed heartily, and by all his gestures seemed delighted at the horrid scene.

Girty then came up to me and bade me prepare for death. He said, however, I was not to die at that place, but to be burnt at the Shawanese town. He swore an oath I need not expect to escape death, but should suffer it in all its extremities.

Colonel Crawford, at this period of his sufferings, besought the Almighty to have mercy on his soul, spoke very low, and in all the extremities of pain for an hour and three-quarters, or two hours longer, as near as I can judge, when at last, being almost exhausted, he lay down on his belly; they then scalped him, and repeatedly threw the scalp in my face, telling me, "that was my great captain." An old squaw (whose appearance every way answered the ideas people entertain of the devil) got a board, took a parcel of coals and ashes and laid them on his back and head, after he had been scalped; he then raised himself upon his feet and began to walk round the post; they next put a burning stick to him, as usual, but he seemed more insensible of pain than before.

The Indian fellow who had me in charge, now took me away to Captain Pipe's house, about three quarters of a mile from the place of the colonel's execution. I was bound all night, and thus prevented from seeing the last of the horrid spectacle. Next morning, being June 12th, the Indian untied me, painted me black, and we set off for the Shawanese town, which he told me was somewhat

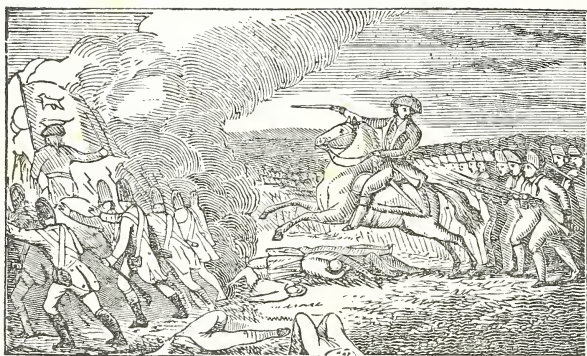
less than forty miles distant from that place. We soon came to the spot where the colonel had been burnt, as it was partly in our way; I saw his bones laying among the remains of the fire, almost burnt to ashes; I suppose, after he was dead, they laid his body on the fire. The Indian told me that was my big captain, and gave the scalp halloo.

Dr. Knight proceeded twenty-five miles, under the guard of the Indian, on the first day, and then encamped for the night. The next morning, the gnats being very troublesome, the doctor requested the Indian to untie him, that he might help to make a fire to keep them off. The Indian complied, and then got down on his hands and knees to blow the fire. The doctor seized the lucky moment, caught up a piece of tent-pole and struck the Indian on the head, knocking him forward into the fire. The stick broke, however, and the Indian though severely hurt, sprang up. The doctor seized his gun, and attempted to fire it, but the lock broke. The Indian then ran away, yelling hideously. Doctor Knight started for home, which he reached after wandering twenty-one days, and suffering for want of food.

Most of the other prisoners taken by the savages in this disastrous campaign were murdered. John Slover, who had been the pilot of the army, was captured and taken to the Shawanese town to be burned. He was

painted and tied to the stake, when a heavy thunder storm commenced, and the fire was extinguished. The burning was postponed until the next day, and Slover was tied and placed in the council-house, under guard. During the night, he contrived to get loose, and ran off through the woods. After enduring many hardships, he reached Wheeling, almost exhausted. The main body of the army had reached that post before his arrival.





BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

IN 1780, the British had entire possession of the district called Ninety-Six; but the great excesses indulged in by the soldiers of the British army, produced a growing feeling of discontent among the inhabitants, which induced General Greene to dispatch General Morgan to their relief, and to regain, if possible, what they before had lost. On his appearance, many of the people gladly took up arms in the cause of independence, and acted in concert with the Americans.

Lord Cornwallis was at this time advancing for the

purpose of invading North Carolina, and, hearing of this irruption, dispatched Colonel Tarleton with eleven hundred men, to "push him to the utmost."

Tarleton's force outnumbered Morgan's in the proportion of five to four of infantry, and three to one of cavalry, beside two field pieces; two-thirds of Morgan's troops were militia.

With all these advantages, Tarleton met Morgan at the Cowpens, on the 17th of January, 1781, fully expecting to drive him out of South Carolina.

The latter drew up his men in two lines. The whole of the southern militia, with one hundred and ninety from North Carolina, were put under the command of Colonel Pickens. These formed the first line, and were advanced a few hundred yards before the second, with orders to form on the right of the second, when forced to retire. The second line consisted of the light infantry, and a corps of Virginia militia riflemen. Lieutenant-Colonel Washington, with his cavalry, and about forty-five militia men, mounted and equipped with swords, were drawn up at some distance in the rear of the whole. The open wood, in which they were formed, was neither secured in front, flank or rear. On the side of the British, the light legion infantry and fusileers, though worn down with extreme fatigue, were ordered to form in line. Before this order was executed, the line, though far from being complete,



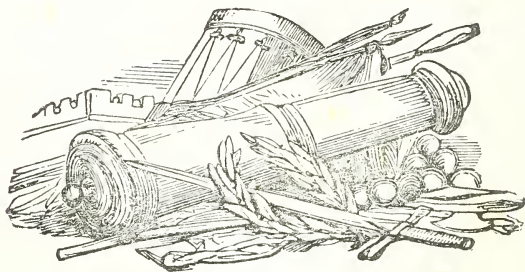
COLONEL PICKENS.

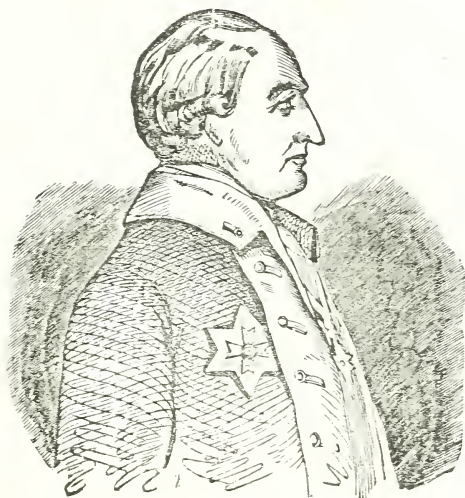
was led to the attack by Tarleton himself. They advanced with a shout, and poured in an incessant fire of musketry. Colonel Pickens directed the men under his command to retain their fire, until the British were within forty or fifty yards. This order, though executed with great firmness was not sufficient to repel their advancing foes. The militia fell back; but were soon rallied by their officers. The British advanced, and engaged the second line, which,

after an obstinate conflict, was compelled to retreat to the cavalry. In this crisis, Colonel Washington made a successful charge on Tarleton, who was cutting down the militia. Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, almost at the same moment, rallied the continental troops, and charged with fixed bayonets. The example was instantly followed by the militia. Nothing could exceed the astonishment and confusion of the British, occasioned by these unexpected charges. Their advance fell back on their rear, and communicated a panic to the whole. Tarleton's pieces of artillery were seized by the Americans; and the greatest confusion took place among his infantry. While they were in this state of disorder, Lieutenant-Colonel Howard called to them, to "lay down their arms," and promised them good quarters. Some hundreds accepted the offer and surrendered. The first battalion of the 71st, and two British light infantry companies, laid down their arms to the American militia. A party, which had been left some distance in the rear, to guard the baggage, was the only body of infantry that escaped. The officer of that detachment, on hearing of Tarleton's defeat, destroyed a great part of the baggage, and retreated to Lord Cornwallis. Three hundred of the British were killed or wounded, and above five hundred prisoners taken. Eight hundred muskets, two field pieces, thirty-five baggage-wagons, and one hundred dragoon horses, fell into the

hands of the conquerors. The Americans had only twelve men killed, and sixty wounded.

General Morgan's good conduct, on this memorable day, was honored by congress with a gold medal. They also presented medals of silver to Lieutenant-Colonels Washington and Howard, a sword to Colonel Pickens, a brevet majority to Edward Giles, the general's aid-de-camp, and a captaincy to Baron Glassbeck. Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton, hitherto triumphant in a variety of skirmishes, on this occasion lost his laurels, though he was supported by the 7th regiment, one battalion of the 71st, and two companies of light infantry: and his repulse did more essential injury to the British interest, than was equivalent to all the preceding advantages he had gained. It was the first link in a chain of causes, which finally drew down ruin, both in North and South Carolina, on the royal interest.





BARON STEUBEN.

BARON STEUBEN.

THE French ship *l'Heureux*, laden with arms and munitions of war for the use of the army of the United States arrived at Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, on the 1st of December, 1777.

One of her passengers was Baron Steuben, an officer of the Prussian army, and aid-de-camp to Frederick the Great. He was eminently fitted to introduce the military

tactics and discipline of one of the greatest monarchs of Europe, into the American army, having been, while in the service of Frederick, at the head of the quarter-master's department.

In the summer of 1777, he went to Paris, intending to visit some friends in England; and while in that city he met with the Count de St. Germain, who was at that time the French minister of war.

Being aware of the talents of the baron, the count prevailed upon him to enter the service of Congress. On his arrival in America, he heard the news of the capture of Burgoyne, and felt assured that the cause in which he had embarked, was not a hopeless one.

His services were thankfully accepted by Congress, and the commissions he desired for his attendants granted. He immediately joined the army, then in winter-quarters at Valley Forge. Long practice in the service of Prussia, had perfectly qualified him for a military teacher, and in May, 1778, Congress complied with the recommendation of the commander-in-chief, and appointed him inspector-general of the army, with the rank of major-general.

He commenced his duties immediately, and in a short time surmounted difficulties, which would have discouraged a less determined spirit. He composed a complete system of order and exercise, which was approved of by Washington, and was ordered by Congress to be printed and



FREDERICK THE GREAT.

adopted by the army. For many years after the close of the war, this system was used by the states for the training of the militia.

The following extract from Dr. Thacher's Military Journal, will serve to show his success in instructing the raw troops which had hitherto composed the American army. He says, "After the siege of Yorktown, the Baron returned to the northward, and remained with the army, continually employed until the peace, in perfecting its discipline. The adroitness, and above all the silence with which the manœuvres were performed, was remarked with astonishment, by the officers of the French army.

“The Marquis de la Val de Montmorenci, brigadier general, said to the Baron, ‘I admire the celerity and exactitude with which your men perform, but what I cannot conceive, is the silence with which they make their manœuvres.’ ‘I don’t know, Monsieur Le Marquis,’ he replied, ‘whence noise should proceed, when even my brigadiers dare not open their mouths, but to repeat the orders.’

“The French troops were exceedingly loud in their evolutions and marches, and Monsieur la Val, at all times louder than the rest. On a subsequent occasion, designed to show the degree of expertness at which our officers and soldiers had arrived, the Baron was asked by one of the French generals, what manœuvres he intended to perform; on being informed; ‘Yes,’ replied the French chief, ‘I have seen, particularly the last you mention, performed by the Prussians in Silesia, but with a very complex addition,’ which he explained. ‘But you will recollect, general, that we are not quite Prussians.’

“After his guests had retired, the Baron said, ‘I will let these Frenchmen know that we can do what the Prussians can, and what their army cannot do. I will save those gentlemen who have not been in Silesia, the trouble of going there; they may come to Verplanck’s Point next week for instruction.’ They came, chiefs and subalterns; and every thing was done in the finest style, to their real

or pretended admiration." Such was Baron Steuben. He had laid aside the emoluments of an ample fortune, rejected the overtures of powerful princes, anxious to secure the services of so accomplished a master of war, all that could render life dear, to enter the service of a few feeble colonies, struggling against the oppressions imposed by the mother country. He died on the 28th of November, 1794, aged sixty-five. He directed that he should be wrapped in his military cloak, ornamented with the star he had always worn, and interred in a neighboring forest. He was obeyed; and,

"He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."





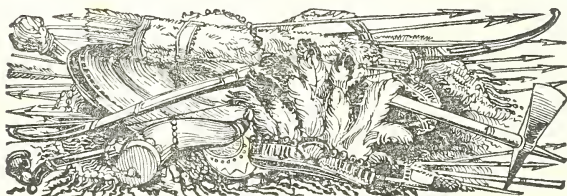
MRS. BOZARTH.

THE cruelties practised by the Indians during the war of the revolution, were of a character to chill the blood with horror. Urged on by British gold, their savage natures were excited to the utmost, and every species of barbarity winked at by their employers. Women and children, old and helpless men, and tender infants, were alike their victims.

Many instances might be given of personal daring, and undaunted bravery on the part of the women of that period, but one will suffice. It happened in the year 1779.

The alarm which had caused the people in the neighborhood of Pricket's fort to move into it for safety, induced two or three families on Dunkard creek to collect at the house of Mr. Bozarth, thinking they would be more exempt from danger when together than if remaining at their several homes. About the first of April, when only Mrs. Bozarth and two men were in the house, the children who had been out at play, came running into the yard, exclaiming that there were "ugly red men coming." Upon hearing this, one of the two men in the house, going to the door to see if Indians really were approaching, received a glancing shot on his breast, which caused him to fall back. The Indian who had shot him, sprang in immediately after, and grappling with the other white man, was quickly thrown on the bed. His antagonist having no weapon with which to do him any injury, called to Mrs. Bozarth for a knife. Not finding one at hand, she seized an axe, and at one blow let out the brains of the prostrate savage. At that instant a second Indian entered the door and shot dead the man engaged with his companion on the bed. Mrs. Bozarth turned on him, and with a well-directed blow let out his entrails, and caused him to bawl out for help. Upon this, others of his party, who had been engaged with the children in the yard, came to his relief. The first who thrust his head in at the door, had it cleft by the axe of Mrs. Bozarth, and fell lifeless on the ground.

Another, catching hold of his wounded, bawling companion, drew him out of the house, when Mrs. Bozarth, with the aid of the white man who had been first shot, and was then somewhat recovered, succeeded in closing and making fast the door. The children in the yard were all killed, but the heroism and exertions of Mrs. Bozarth and the wounded white man, enabled them to resist the repeated attempts of the Indians to force open the door, and retain possession of the house until they were relieved by a party from the neighboring settlement. The time occupied in this bloody affair, from the first alarm by the children, to the shutting of the door, did not exceed three minutes. And in this brief space, Mrs. Bozarth, with wonderful self-possession, coolness and intrepidity, succeeded in killing three Indians.



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